

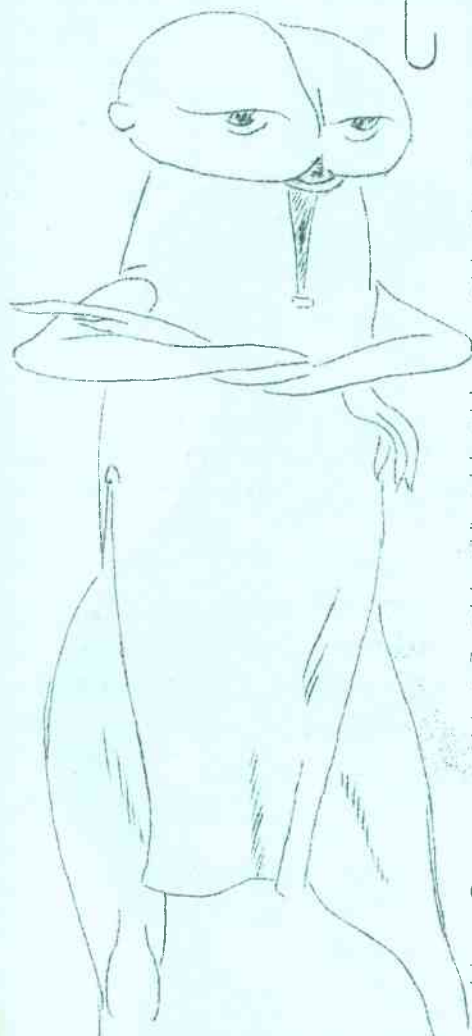
TRIODE



Atom

NO. 7

CONTENTS



INTERMISSION	Eric Bentcliffe...	3
PHOTOPAGE	At KETTERING	6
LAST AND FIRST FEN	A LaSFaS Tapera	7
INTERLUDE	Terry Jeeves	27
FAN DANCE	Letters	30
FUTURE HISTORY OF FANDOM	Arthur Thomson	35
POSTAL PREVIEW	E. J. Carnell	40
FULFILMENT	Julian Parr	44
THOSE UFO's	Alan Bramhall	46
LAST RESORT	John Berry	50

COVER by Arthur Thomson. BACOVER Ken McIntyre.

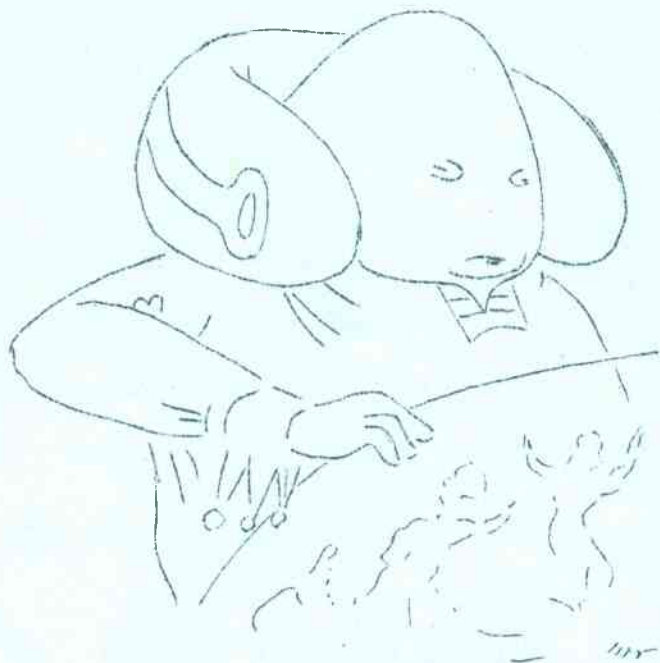
INTERIORS by John Greengrass, Terry Jeeves, Bill Rotsler, Arthur Thomson, and Harry Turner.

TRIODE, of which this is number seven, is published as an irregular quarterly by the Stockport and Intake Dog and Cake Walking Society, executive members being Terry Jeeves and Eric Bentcliffe.

TRIODE, is published at 58 Sharrard Grove, Intake, Sheffield 12, all writs and artwork to this address please. Other contributions, such as material and money to Eric Bentcliffe, 47 Alldis St, Great Moor, Stockport, Cheshire.

TRIODE, can be obtained for both love and money (although male subscribers must dispense the latter only. U.K. subs 4/- for Four. - U.S.A. seven issues for 1 Dollar. Agent Over There is Dale R. Smith, 3001 Kyle Ave, Minneapolis 22, Minnesota. If he's out when you call, try Leroy Bjarni Haugsrud, 118 W 33rd St. Special Agent John Berry, 1 Knockeden Crescent, Flush Park, Belfast...for 'foreign coins'.

Published by an accredited ex-Chairman of LaSFaS, and a dis-credited sex-fiend.....



From where I sit this looks like being a pretty big issue, and I sweat every time I think of the collating session we'll be having in a few days. I only hope that Terry hasn't been 'raising his arm' too much recently. ...Whilst on the subject of this partner in crime of mine (who can't even remember the title of his column) I must hotly deny the statement he made last issue that I had formed a Young Mother's Society...this is completely untrue, and even if it wasn't the fact that I'm currently courting a popsy who's just got a midwifery certificate is purely coincidental. Rumours that I am intending to provide a complete service are prevarications. And also, untrue.

Due mainly to the length of the LaSFaS Tapera in this issue I've had to do a little cutting down on one or two of the regular spots. The Fanmag reviews are out completely and the letter section is a rather condensed version. I am sorry to have to leave out so many interesting letters and I beg forgiveness from those of you who wrot most lengthily. One feature which I'm rather pleased to have in the issue is Ted Carnell's book column, this will appear in each issue....no doubt those fen Who Don't Read S-F any longer will skip over it but for others it will provide a guide to the best hardcover stuff now appearing.

This Last And First Fen is a somewhat fabulous thing, if you have a Taper you'll realise just how much work must have gone into the recording of it. Some passages were recorded and erased as much as eighteen times before The Group were satisfied. Talking of Tape-Recorders I've just purchased one myself and I'm getting a heck of a lot of fun from it. Last weekend Terry and I recorded a tape for Dale Smith and Leroy Haugsrud in reply to one we'd received from Minneapolis, whilst doing this we got soaking wet due to the sound effects man (Mr. Jeeves) being a little over enthisiastic. His 'waves-breaking-on-rocky-shore' effect is so realistic that I had to borrow a towel afterwards!

The way things are going I think the next 'fandom' could well be one in which tapers feature largely, and I think it's time a list was published somewhere or other of all the fen who now have tapers. This should help those new to taper fandom to get in oral touch with the rest of the gang. I'll try and publish a list in the next Triode, in the meantime I'd like to hear from as many fen who have tapers as possible.

INTERMISSION

Types of machine,
playback speed
and other gen
welcomed.

4
The tapers which Terry and I now have are both Phillips machines and play at $3\frac{3}{4}$ " per. sec. We'll be very pleased to receive any tapes playable at this speed. Ted Carnell also has this type of machine, the LaSFaS job plays at $7\frac{1}{2}$ " per. sec. I've no definite gen on the machines which other UK fen have. I'd like to have.

That Flying Saucer Hoax I pulled a couple of issues back is still reperculsing, Grey Barker editor and publisher of THE SAUCERIAN had a copy of the issue concerned sent to him (who by, I'm not sure) and re-reproduced the photos taken by Mr. Timberg in his magazine....he reproduced these without bothering to write and ask first if this would be okay, so, as Gilbert Harding would say " it serves him right! ". These photos also got a write-up for their cameraman (Leroy Haugsrud) in the Minneapolis Star, and I hear that Leroy has achieved a certain local notoriety because of this. This is the paper Clifford D. Simak works for.

Still on Saucers, but factual ones this time. I hear from John Berry that TRIODE scooped the air ministry last issue. Seems that in aeronautical circles there has been some controversy over whether the Chance-Vought XF5U-1 discplane had ever actually flown. In John's article last issue he mentioned that he'd been informed by the parent company that this aircraft had never left the ground, and this was the first authoritative statement to be printed over here. The RAF Review, which is published by the Air House published the same information this month (June), this was also supplied by John.

Don't know exactly what all this proves...apart from the fact that TRIODE is up-to-the-minute. Anyone got any Atomic Secrets we can print ? Anyone know anything about 'Operation Greencheese'?? If you don't get this issue you'll know its been confiscated by the FBI!

I see from the current FEZ that I've made a faux pas in Fan Dance, by believing in the existence of Joan Carr. Hmmm, very clever hoax Sandy but what does it all prove ? Apart from the fact that people are gullible, and fans are people...a fact which is pretty obvious anyway. Glad I'm not you lad, those femmefen are being very jolly about things in print but I can't help thinking they may be honing their hairpins for when you next come on leave...stay in Cyprus Sandy it'll probably be safer there.

I'd intended to get my teeth into something provocative this issue but I've blathered on too far for me to really get started on anything and do it justice, or injustice. Bear with me while I flit from topic to topic in an endeavor to be topical. I must, before I forget, thank the Liverpool Science Fiction Society for doing me the honour of making me an ex-Chairman...I can't think of a more unruly mob (nor a nicer bunch of fen) I'd prefer to be ex-Chairman of. And I here, publicly proclaim, to uphold the high standard of wenching and boozing for which the club is famous.

The Initiation Ceremony was quite something, I was led forward in the company of Eric Jones (for a while I thought we were to be joined in a most unholy matrimony) who was also honoured, towards the dais on which the reigning Chairman of LaSFaS, Stan Nuttal was seated. Between us was a large cushion with Pat Doolan rampant, they spare no expense these boys. We were annointed, ordained and....However, it's impossible to transcribe the ceremony on paper I have it on tape and any fen with tapers are quite likely to hear it sometime on a tape from here.

I'm also hoping to have on tape soon the March Of Slime, and Last and First Fen, so if there is anyone in USA who wants to hear these two Taperas, send us over a tape and we'll mount the tapers in tandem and re-record for you. Don't please anybody, send reels larger than 5".

Lots of nattering going on about conventions at the moment, so soon after Kettering too, last year nowone even whispered about a con for a good six-months after the Cyrtricon...looks as though our powers of recovery are improving. Personally, I'm rather sorry that it isn't possible to hold the 1957 Convention (The Worldcon ?) at Kettering again, it felt like home going back there again this Easter. However, it would obviously be impossible to hold a London Convention there so, Kettering is out. Hope any of you Stateside folk who come over will understand if the night life at this convention is not what you've been led to expect at British conventions, we'll have to tone things down a little I expect in deference to the victorian atmosphere prevalent in most London Hotels. Should be quite a con, all the same, hope you'll be there at The Royal September next, I shall.

There is a chance of a convention in UK before then, as this is still only being thought-about and nothing definite is settled I can say little about it here, except that it will probably be in the North West and held over Easter weekend. Watch this space for further news, as they say.

Whilst on the subject of Kettering, overleaf you'll find a page of photos illustrative of the happenings there. These aren't the first Kettering photos to appear this time, Ron Bennett and PLOY have scooped us, however, this is the first Kettering photopage to appear and have a key to the photos printed also. I thought Elephants never forget Ron, or was Cecil away the day you stencilled ?

Next issue will be our second anniversary issue, and whilst we don't intend to make a hog of ourselves in size, there is a little something extra planned. Material by John Berry, Liberarchie Mercer, Eric Needham, Julian Parr, etc.

Caveat Lecher ~

P
H
O
T
O
P
A
G
E


K
E
Y

Left to Right, and top to bottom we have; Renae McKay as Cleo with Stan Nuttall as Mark Fanthony; Ina Shorrock in Krishnan guise with Renee, Dave Newman as Attila The Fan and Stan; Don McKay as Eric The Bent, Lil McKay, Pat Doolan and John Roles; John Roles demonstrating why he is locally termed The Many Fingered Thing; Walt Willis receiving a new Ghoodminton Bat From Ken Slater; Dave Kyle, Shirley Hoffman Shaw and Arthur Thomson; Eric Bentcliffe, Peter Hamilton and Eric Jones; The BEM discovers its creator; IT attempts to digest Margeret Jones; IT is finally conquered by the Triode who rescue Ellis Mills from its clutches, EB, TJ, EJ.

The two mid-page photos and the one of Peter Hamilton and the BEM were taken by Peter West, copies of these and other con-photos from him at; 23 Elgin Mansions, Elgin Avenue, London W.9. Terry Jeeves & John Owen took the rest,



LAST AND FIRST EEN



CAST

Pat Doolan
Don MacKay
Lil MacKay
Renee MacKay
Frank Milnes
Dave Newman
Stan Nuttall
John Owen
John Roles
Ina Shorrock
Norman Shorrock

SCRIPT

By
Renee MacKay
and John Owen

Tape edited by
Norman Shorrock.

Producer and
musical director
Stan Nuttall.

Additional
dialogue by the
cast.

Effects by all
and sundry.

Publicity art
which adorned
the con-hall at
Kettering by
Don MacKay.

Illustrated by Arthur Thomson

Atom

8

FANFARE

ANNOUNCER: The Liverpool Science Fiction Society, prsents,...LAST AND
FIRST FEN..

(Gong...fading)

VOICE: Your name David Kyle ?

DAVID KYLE: Yeah, say, what is this...no..no..no...don't shoot..

(Scream...Gunshots...music-
intro " No Orchids for Miss
Blandish".....)

ANNOUNCER: This is fandom today. You all know from experience, the attitude of the moronic masses towards science fiction, one has only to mention that one is interested to meet with the raised eyebrow, the pursed lip, the vaguely pitying smile. But there are occasions, as we have just illustrated, where feelings run stronger. Thus, it has always been, through all history, even to that distant time of Cleopatra and the exiled Mark Fanthony ...wherein our chronicle begins.

(Egyptian type flute music)

SLAVE: My Lord! A messenger from Rome seeks audience with Mark Fanthony.

MARK FANTHONY: I am Mark Fanthony, speak on.

(Fade in incidental music
" Quo Vadis".....)

WELSH VOICE: Eere rosy fingered dawn was in the sky
The keeper of the printed books did cry:
Mark Fanthony has erred, and him we'll banish
For writing articles and stories fannish.

MARK FANTHONY: Have you finished ?

WELSH VOICE: Oh no indeed, there's another verse yet!
No more to set his foot in Rome,
No more to think of it as home.
Let this a warning be to man -
WE WILL NOT TOLERATE A FAN!!

MARK FANTHONY: Is that all ?

WELSH VOICE: Ay that's your lot.

MARK FANTHONY: I wonder why they always send these ridiculous rhymes Cleo ?

CLEO: They have to keep Jonius Brunnias occupied.

WELSH VOICE: An answer is requested, Consul bach.

MARK FANTHONY: And they shall have my answer; I've been expecting this! Here, take this tape; it is my final word to those who come after me. Bid them play it on the steps of the Vomitorium in Rome. Take it, and begone.



9

WELSH VOICE: O.K., Hail Caesar, ta ta.

(Fade out -music -"They'll
Keep a Welcome in the Hillsides")

CLEO: Tony, my pet, surely there's some other way. I thought we were going to have the Worldcon here this year. I had such plans! I've already started them cleaning out those smelly old pyramids for convention rooms. I do think you're mean.

MARK FANTHONY: Well, all this started at a con. Julius crossed someone or other at the Rubicon. That's when the rot set in.

CLEO: Oh, yes, I heard about it. But I never quite understood - why did Julius Caesar ?

ANNOUNCER: (Hastily) This was the first recorded example of Corn In Egypt.

CLEO: Oh, well, it can't be helped. But what are you going to do ?

MARK FANTHONY: I'll show the trufan spirit - die, if necessary. For how can man die better than when facing fearful odds, for the ashes of his fathers and the temples of his gods ?

CLEO: That's very good; where did you read it ?

MARK FANTHONY: It's just a little thing I dashed off.

CLEO: I hope your tape's as good.

MARK FANTHONY: The best I've ever done. Wouldst that I could hear it played in Rome....

(Music -"Quo Vadis" -swells)

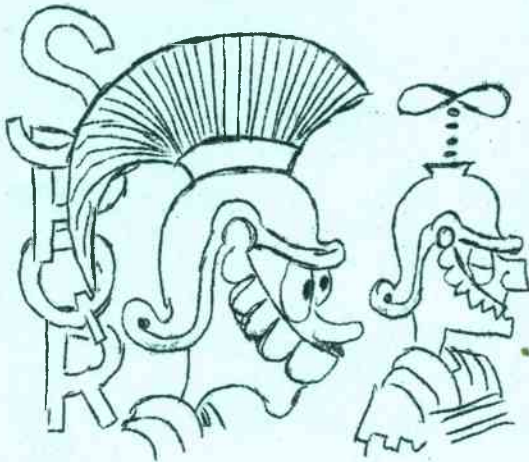
ANNOUNCER: And so we leave these two doomed fen, and cross the broad bosom of the ah Mediterranean, to Italy, where every road will lead to Rome, Mistress of Thirty Legions (which, when you consider that a Legion consists of 6,000 men, makes for no mean city). However, be that as it may, we now join the throng that is gathered on the steps of the Vomitorium, to hear the fateful last tape recording of Mark Fanthony - the Romingest Noble of them all.

(Crowd noises)

MARK FANTHONY: Fans Romans and countrymen; lend me your ears. The evil that men do lives after them; the good is oft interred with their bones. (In a confidential tone) Now, that's just what I don't want to happen to me. I want you to understand what fandom means. Not bread and circuses, but bheer and circuses, wine, women, and wine again! Throw off the yoke of your oppressors, to the duplicators - oh Roman drinkers of the world, unite! Let us....

There is a sudden silence, as the recorder is switched off.





VOICE OF AUTHORITY: Enough of this rubbish, Fanthony is dead and fandom with him. Ho, Arthritis, drive this mob away!

(Crowd noises - end "Quo Vadis March".....)

ANNOUNCER: Fandom however, though badly crushed is not dead and as time passes, a feeling of unrest is abroad in Rome. Inspired by the last words of Fanthony, there is a new group of fans who have banded together and grown in strength. From small beggin-

ings, they have flourished into Active Fandom, even to the extent of organizing conventions, which are held in caves, called Catacons. But in Rome itself, the emperor Dero, a vicious non-fan, is enquiring into the movement of people through the city.

DERO: Vincius Clarkus! Where did you say they were going, and what strange headgear do they have ?

VINCIUS CLARKUS: To the outskirts, O Caesar, to celebrate their yearly rites. On their heads is the badge of their beliefs.

DERO: What is this new religion, and who is this new Ghod they speak of ?

VINCIUS CLARKUS: They worship one of their band, whom they call Ghod. They claim he is not new, but as ancient as time itself.

DERO: I am curious about theses - these fen. Bring me some of them. I would hear more.

VINCIUS CLARKUS: Hail, Caesar! I hear but to obey.

(Music swells - then fades)

VINCIUS CLARKUS: Ho, Centurion! I want ten men for the job.

CENTURION: O.K., I'll see what I can do. Hey there, Korshak, Eshback, Evans, and the rest of you. Line up! Come on, come on, jump to it! You've got an important job on. Right, now, you horrible little men, number off from the right!

(.....l...ll...lll...lVY) Go home Ivy, we don't want you for this! Move to the right in a dirty great heap, quick march!

(Marching noises - singing
- "We Joined the Legion")

Fade out - fade in, singing
drowned out by "Quo Vadis")

CENTURION: Halt, kneel before the mighty Dero and listen scum to the emperors words!

DERO: Your faith must indeed be strong, tomorrow you'll be thrown to the lions. We'd do it today, only MGM are using 'em. But tell me, what is this faith of yours ?

FAN: Me faith is my fortune.

DERO: Silence, dog! I will have you flogged! You there! What's wrong with the old gods, what's wrong with Mercury, Jupiter, Juno ??

FAN: Yes, I know. D'you know ?

DERO: Know who ?

FAN: Mars.

DERO: Mars what ?

FAN: Mars bars.

DERO: Mars bars what ?

FAN: Me going out with Juno.

DERO: Silence!

FAN: Throw him to the lions' guard!

GUARD: At once, sire!

DERO: Not me, you fool - him!

COMMENTATOR: However, not all were thrown to the lions. Some were burnt alive, but, following the magnificent example of Fanthony, they threw themselves into the flames with glad cries of 'Remember The Alamo' - 'The Poo is mightier than the Yobber' - 'Ingvi is a Louse'. Those who watched could not help but admire, even when the roar of the lions struck terror into their hearts...

(Opening of "Life with the Lyons" show)

I'm Ben Lyon.

I'm Barbara Lyon.

I'm Richard Lyon.

...And I'm Bebe Roman-Holiday Lyon.

(Music - end "Quo Vadis Domine")

COMMENTATOR: And so, once again, a heart blow had been struck at fandom, but the brilliant blaze of it's glory was to shine like a beacon through the ensuing years...

(Fade in - "Marche Slav" Tchaikowsky)

Then from out of the East - from the wilds of Transylvania, came sweeping the wildest rabble of all time....

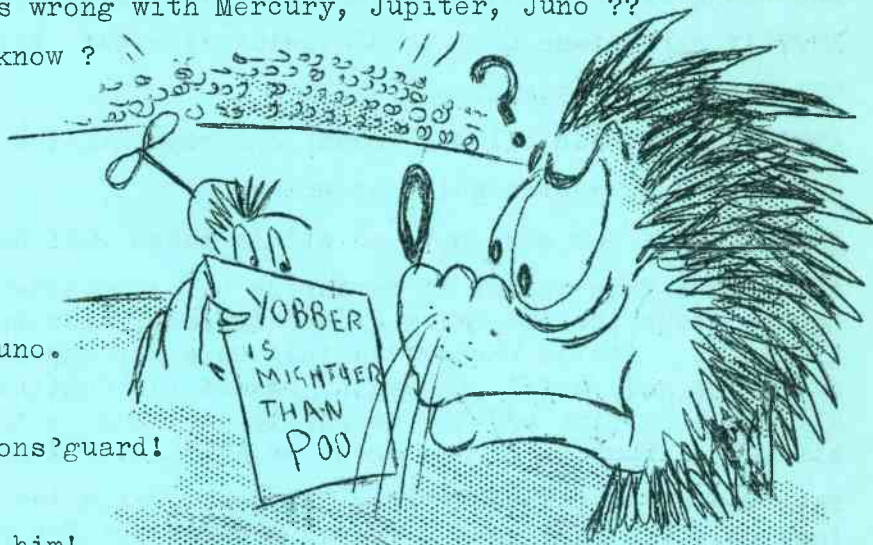
(Sound of charging horsemen, etc.)

Onward they swept across Europe, as far as the lowlands of peaceful Belgium where, as their steul-pigeon Anne had informed them, a great festival was to be held. This, according to Father Jansen and the Venerable Vendelmans was to be known as the 'Twerpcon'.

(Music - "Lysistra" Lincke)

The convention was quietly and decorously in progress. WHEN...

(Door crashes open;
Chord - opening
"Tosca".....)



ATTILA: I - AM ATTILA!

RON BENNETT: But..but where are your admission tickets ?

ATTILA: Barbarians need no admission tickets! Kill him!

RON BENNETT: Aaaaarrrrrgh!.....

ATTILA: Now! Rob all the women, and rape all the men...

JANSEN: Hey, you've got that wrong.

ANNE STEUL: You shut up! Mr Attila knows what he's doing...

ANNOUNCER: This influx of barbarian blood together with the fannish outlook, brough about the inception of the typical, riotus, fannish party as we know it today. Attila recognised this as a far superior method for the sacking of cities and, until his death, roamed the continent attempting to convert all men - by fire and the sword, if necessary - to the trufannish way of life. Thus he became known as ATTILA...THE FAN !!!

This period of fannish resurgence degenerated into what is known to historians as...The Dark Ages - though certain actifen were known to take advantage of the conditions...

FEMALE VOICE: (Giggles) Ooooh!! Stop it, Eric!!....Please!

ANNOUNCER: That was the famous Viking - Eric The Bent, on one of his foraging expeditions...

But westward, now, a new dawn was breaking, and a name was repeatedly on the lips of the poeple, spoken reverently by most, and with bitter hatred by a few. That of a young man and his friends, a band of true believers who came to be called Robin Shorrock and his merry fen.

(Music - "Don Juan" Strauss)

This happy band dwelt in the depths of Bebington Forest, where they lived on charred potatoes and Egg Flip & Brandy. This made for a merry life and duodenal ulcers.



We join them, now, in the depths of the wood on a tranquil summer's evening. Under the boughs of a sturdy oak sit Robin Shorrock and the fair Maid Marriot, entwined in a half-nelson. In the hushed twilight Robin whispers soft words of love.

ROBIN: 'Oh, that this too, too solid flesh would melt...

GUARD: Robin! The Abbott Newman doth approach, alone and afoot!

ROBIN: Perforated Panties!! Take him alive men! Seize him!

(Sounds of scuffling)

NEWMAN: Quiver me jowls, this is an outrage, an outrage I tell you! I'll give it full coverage in my next OMPA mailing!

13
ROBIN: Good day to you, Abbott Newman, welcome to our forest.

NEWMAN: By'r Lady! And who be you, in your green doublet, Davy Crockett hat, cross garters, and lemon coloured spats ?

ROBIN: I am Robin Shorrock; your reverence, an it please you, i'faith, forsooth, begorrah.

NEWMAN: And these other ruffians? Your greenwood saps, I take it ?

ROBIN: No Saps, my Lord Abbott, but true and sturdy English yeomen. Allow me to introduce them to you. First we have Friar Tubb, scrivener, part-time auctioneer, and understudy for Arthur English...

FRIAR TUBB: Naa then Abbott, keep yer 'ands off me apricots please!

ROBIN: Next we have Little John Roles, who is but lately returned from the Indies...

LITTLE JOHN: Allah be with you. Feelthy pictures.

ROBIN: And this is Willis Scarlett, our wandering harpist and a most civil servant. A snatch of song Willis, an it please you.

WILLIS S: Thank yez and good evening, ladies and gentlemen; for my first number I've chosen that song of the moment, rapidly climbing the hit parade - She was only a neo-fans daughter but she wouldn't let Orville Mosher...

(Sings - is clubbed to death)

ROBIN: Don't forget the wreath. Next, we have a fair wench; my...er, shall we say, er...consort ? Hehehe..

MAID: Pray, Robin, allow me to introduce myself. I am the Maid Marriot.

NEWMAN: (Leering) A contradiction in terms, surely.

MAID: Silence! I repeat, I am Maid Marriot. Though a Norman by birth, I am a Saxon by heart.

GARDENER: Yeah, in fact she's noted for her Saxon sadism...

NEWMAN: (With distaste) Indeed, so this motley crew is the notorious Robin Shorrock and his band eh!

ROBIN: Yes. Voted the most promising 11-piece outfit since before Guy Lombardo.

NEWMAN: Bah! Promising outfit indeed. You're nothing but a band of robbers.

JOHN BERRY: Oh, kind of robber band, huh? Get it, fellers ? Rubber band ? Get it ? Huh? (Is clubbed to death)

MAID: Pray, Robin, have a care. That's the second man thou hast deaded this day.

FRIAR TUBB: Aye, and 'twill be the Abbott's turn next, I doubt not.

ALL: Aye! Lynch him! Aye...

ROBIN: Nay, nay, fen, forbear, forbear...that makes eight bear. Now, Abbott Newman, thou hast but one chance. Put us wise to what's going on up at Bebington Castle, and who knows ? They life may be spared.

ELLIS MILLS: I say, lynch the Norman dog.

ALL: Aye! String him up! Aye!

NEWMAN: Wait! Wait! I'll tell thee all I know. Sir Norman Wansborough himself has but lately arrived at the castle, and is holding a great feast and Whist Drive this night.

ROBIN: Mmmmm...say you so? Mmmmm...

LITTLE JOHN ROLES: This is our chance to attack the castle!

ROBIN: I' faith, you speak sense! There should be but few guards at the drawbridge tonight. Tie the Abbott up, somebody, and then - to horse!

(Music - "Don Juan")

ANNOUNCER: Meanwhile, in the lofty banqueting hall of Bebington Castle, a great feast was in progress. Pride of place at the huge table was taken by the most feared and hated man in England: Sir Norman Wansborough.

(Fade in music - talking, laughter)

SERVANT: Soup, Sire?

NGW: Arr, thank 'ee very kindly, I will.
Arr..thank 'ee (slurp, slurp), arr...
very noice, that be. Arr. Very tasty
bit o' soup, that.

(Short pause)

SERVANT: Spoon, Sire?

NGW: Oh arr. Thank 'ee.

VOICE: SILENCE!! (Hush descends)

VOICE: Sire; a group of wandering minstrels is without, and hearing of thy great feast, would fain entertain thee with music and song.

NGW: Arr...well, bring 'em in, will 'ee?

VOICE: Very good, Sire. Pray silence for Jelly Roll Roles and his Mediaeval Red-Hot Rollers.

(Cheers - music, ancient record of
" The Broadway Melody".....)

NGW: Good baaand, innit?

ROBBER BYRON: Sire, these are no musicians! See, they're playing their violins with bows!

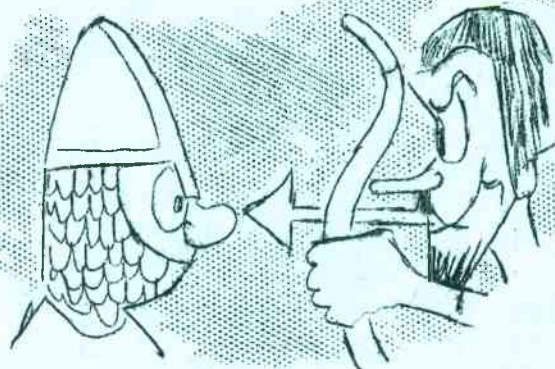
NGW: What's wrong with that? All violinists use bows.

ROBBER BYRON: Cross bows, Sire?

NGW: I' faith, you're right! I verily believe 'tis Robin Shorrocks!

ROBBER BYRON: An audacious dog, Sire.
But this time he's met his match.
STOP THE MUSIC!

(Music stops)



ROBBER BYRON: Robin Shorrock, your little subterfuge has failed. Seize him, guards!

ROBIN: Never! Down with tyranny!

(Chaos of noise, above which voices are heard crying... 'Have at thee'... 'Foul Craven'... 'I'll split you like a hair')

ROBIN: Right, have you had enough?

VOICE: Yes.

ROBIN: Then get off me chest! (Noise diminished slightly)

MAID M: We're hopelessly outnumbered!

ROBIN: Courage, faint hearts! Courage)

LITTLE JOHN ROLES: It's no use! My zap-gun's empty. Aaaggghhh!!!

ROBBER BYRON: Well, Robin Shorrock, do you admit defeat?

(Noise subsides completely)

ROBIN: I'm sorry, fen. 'Tis all my fault. I should never have gotten you into this in the first place.

ROBBER BYRON: It's too late for regrets now! Guards: throw these men into the deepest dungeon in Bebington Castle! All but Maid Marriot, leave her behind.

MAID M. No, no, no,...not my behind....

(Music)

ALAN A FAN: We're done for now Robin. 'Tis the end of English fandom.

MAID M: But stay a moment! Look, through yonder window! See! Sailing up the moat! 'Tis the United States Marines.

ALL: Huzzah! Huzzah! (Music -"Halls of Montezuma")

WILLIS S. We're saved!

ALL: Huzzah! (Music fades slightly)

LITTLE JOHN ROLES: And see! Stepping of that landing barge! His Majesty King Richard the Baseheart, true King of England!

ALAN A FAN: 'Tis his blessed majesty, home from the Crusades!

(Music -"Coronation March" Bax)

TED CARNELL: King Richard will speak! Best of order now, for Richard, King of Anglofandom!

RICHARD: Before I reward my faithful subjects, I must needs deal with those that please me less. Sir Norman Wansborough, in that thou has acted most shamefully towards this realm, and hast indulged in all manner of anti-fannish activity, I hereby sentence thee to be banished to the remotest parts of Wiltshire.



16
Where thou and thy descendants shall remain forever, in perpetual ignominy.

NGW: No, no! Not Wiltshire, soire! Not Wiltshire! Why, there be nothin' there but trees, and hedges, and cows...cows? Arrr...arr...hee...hee...

RICHARD: Begone, dull fellow! And now, Robin, I must in some manner recompense thee, and thy doughty band, for thy loyal and faithful service. Kneel, Robin. (Creaking noise) Robin Shorrocks, I dub thee ex-Chairman of the Liverpool Science Fiction Society; the highest honour it is in my power to bestow. Arise, suc-ker. (Cheers) Maid Marriot - please to link arms with Robin.

MAID M: With pleasure, sire.

RICHARD: Robin and Maid Marriot - I now pronounce you Fan and Mate.

ALL: Huzzah! Huzzah!

ALAN A FAN: Long Live King Richard! Let the boozing commence!

(Cheers)

RICHARD: But stay, stay. Before the feasting begins there is one thing I must know. How came you by your marvellous prowess in battle, that you did so hold the Normans at bay?

ROBIN: Why 'tis easy, sire. 'Twas our archery that did it.

RICHARD: Your archery?

ROBIN: Yes, we even wrote a song about it. Take it fellers.

(Male voice chorus sing, to the
tune - "That's Entertainment")

A Bow/ that is really a bow-sends them off/ with a kind of a glow-
and you know/ as they fly on their way/ that's Toxophily...

A bow may be small-or exceedingly tall/ it may grace the wall-of a
hovel or hall/ that doesn't matter at all; when you let go the
arrow, a shiver goes through your marrow - and so/ every Tom Dick
and Moe, every Joe/ with an arrow and bow-seems to know.../ that
wherever they go/ the world is a wood/ the wood is a world of
Toxophilyyyyyyy!

(Fade music)

ANNOUNCER 1: This was indeed a triumph for fandom which gained strength for awhile but, in the early fifteenth century forces arose which threatened it's very existence.



ANNOUNCER 2: By the year 1492 Fandom throughout Europe was being hounded and driven into obscurity. However, whispers were heard of a strange land far to the west wherein Fandom could again stretch it's wings. In that same year an intrepid voyager - Christofan Columbus set sail from Spain in search of this new world...

17

(Sound of Seagulls - courtesy
of Nigel Lindsay - music -
" Ebb Tide".....)

VOICE: Land ho! (Cry is taken up...until it reaches the ears of...)

CHRISTOFAN: Land ho, what are you talking about, we haven't left the jetty yet. (Quieter) Oh! these neo-fen. Don't know the difference between the sharp and blunt end. Lower those duplicators in there! Watch it now. Prepare to cast off! Batten down the main-mast, saw up the gang-plank, keel haul the capstan, splice the mainsail, tar the scuppers. Right, we're off.
(Music, opening "Victory at Sea Theme")

Now who's got the wheel eh, own up now. This is no time for joking. Oh yes, of course, steering wheels haven't been invented yet. This bit of stick is me steerer. Ha, ha yes. (Loud crashing noise) What was that ?

LEE RIDDLE: De hum, de hum. Duh I forgot to undo that rope from the jetty. Guess we've got more passengers than we bargained for.

(Music - fade in again)

ANNOUNCER: But eventually the Tia Maria and her sister ships got under way, and some time later... (Sea sounds)

CHRISTOFAN: A fine thing, that chap with the square glasses calling this a pond look, ni sign of land. I always thought the Serpentine was much narrower than this too! All I need is someone to sing " Three Galleons went sailing", and I'll do me nut. (Shouts) You on top of yon pole, keep a watch out for mines.

SCOTCH VOICE: Och awa, watch for mines indeed! We'll be dommed lucky if we see Sam out here!

CHRISTOFAN: Quiet, Hamilton.

HAMILTON: Always blatherin' 'e is. With 'is nebulous remarks.

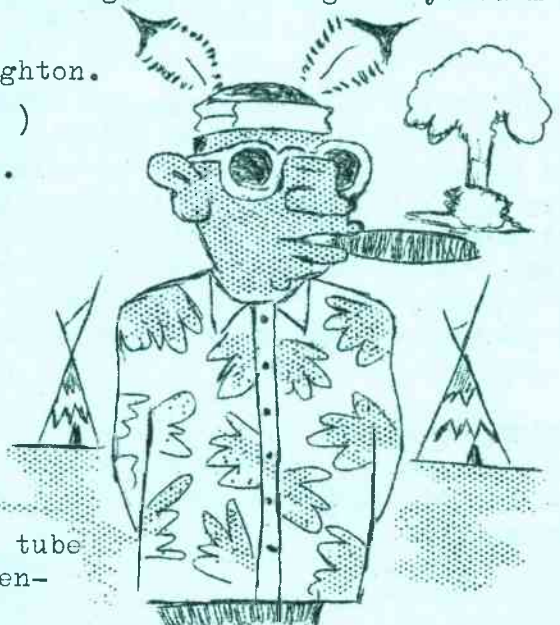
CHRISTOFAN: Quiet, I said or I'll have you hung from the highest yardarm in the King's navy.

HAMILTON: Now he thinks he's Charles Laughton.

VOICE: Land ho.... (Loud crash)

ANNOUNCER: Yes, it was land fall at last. A sandy beach in luxurious surroundings. The ships anchored, long-boats were lowered, and before long the gallant captain and his crew stood upon the shores of a new world. Columbus was gazing around him, when, suddenly...

CHRISTOFAN: Good heavens! Look, a native coming towards us. What strange attire. A shirt of many colours, garish neckwear and headgear of vast proportions, and further he has in his mouth a long brown tube which emits smoke. At least, he seems friendly enough.



18
AMERICAN VOICE: Well, hallo there. I'm Ray Palmer. Welcome to the United States of America, Land of the free, Home of the brave. Wanna buy a ticket for a lynching? Who are you anyway? This some sort of floating flying saucer? Huh? Huh?

CHRISTOFAN: I'm Christofan Columbus, and I've just discovered you..

PALMER: What! We're discovered! At Last someones discovered us. Wait till the newsboys get hold of this.

ANNOUNCER 1: The newspapers went to town on it. The New York Fantasy Times headlined - "CHRIS CROSSES".

ANNOUNCER 2: Mr Robert Tucker's Bloomington News Letter, wanted to know - Is This a cover-up for another example of British Imperialism?

ANNOUNCER 1: New York went wild with delight and accorded a magnificent ticker tape welcome down fifth avenue.



(Music - "Stars and Stripes")

ANNOUNCER 2: Here he comes now folks, riding a white horse, carrying a shield with a design of crossed duplicators. His hat has a revolving device on it that is apparently fashionable in Europe this fall. Ah, I see the Mayor of New York, Honest Sam Moskowitz, is wearing one too. The crowd's going mad...Columbus is reaching into his saddle-bag and now he throws what appears to be thousands of leaflets to the crowd. I'll see if I can get one for you. Uh, huh, here's one. Let's see what it says - " Sub now to Nirvana and read all about the Trans Atlantic Fanfund. Well, I don't know what this is all about guess I'll chance a dollar. How about you folks?

ANNOUNCER 1: And thousands did subscribe. In the wake of Columbus's fanzine, hundreds appeared all over the country. Little did they know that in the coming years their movement would grow and in the growing transform the literary and social face of America. As President Boggs said. "Columbus's crossing of the Atlantic, and the introduction of Tru-fandom to America is one of the most significant events in human history. It gives new impetus, and a finer meaning to the struggle for freedom, decency and the pursuit of happiness which symbolizes the American Way Of Life."

(Music - American Hymn)

ANNOUNCER: Whilst in America a new light was dawning, in Europe darkness still prevailed. Of all the infamous examples of Man's inhumanity to Fan, none has troubled the conscience of humanity more than... The Fannish Inquisition!

(Music - "Nocturne Fetes" Debussy, played at 45rpm instead of 78.....)

(Dripping water, chains rattling,
scream..as music fades.....)

19

VOICE: My name is Stuart MacFrenzy. Once I too, was a normal fan, drinking, and wenching in my little hovel outside Madrid. Now, demolished and twisted and broken, I single out from my store of ghastly memories, the first visit of - The Inquisitor!

(Footsteps approaching)

PICKLES: Ladies and Gentlemen of Madrid - 'ow do - 'ow are yer ?

(Answering roar of "All right". Piano leads into "Have A Go!" song. Fades.)

MACFRENZY: This was the first example of a torture that seemed unending. Each day, some new horror was devised...

1st GUARD: All right, Joe, wrench his arm off.

MACFRENZY: YAAAAaaagh!!! (Snapping noise)

1st GUARD: Now the other arm.

MACFRENZY: YAAAAaaagh!!!

1st GUARD: Armless enough now isn't he ? (I just had to get that in!)
Oooh, here's my relief: Here y'are, Eric. Take over.

ERIC NEEDHAM: Right. Now let's see. The Iron Maiden ? No...he's used to femmefans. I know, The Rack! Stretch him out. That's it. Now, laddie, will you renounce fandom for ever ?

MACFRENZY: No.

NEEDHAM: In that case - another twist. That's it...twist again.

2nd GUARD: Pontoons only!

NEEDHAM: Blast! I had nineteen, too. Never mind...right, take him off the rack. Hmmm...he's taller than Cohen, now. Right you silly twisted fan, have you anything to say ?

MACFRENZY: Yes, I have. You can rack me, burn me, tear out my tongue, rip the skin from my body in shreds...

2nd GUARD: Ooh, stop it, you beast. My stomach's turned right over.

MACFRENZY: Stop cramping my act! I'll never renounce fandom. Never...

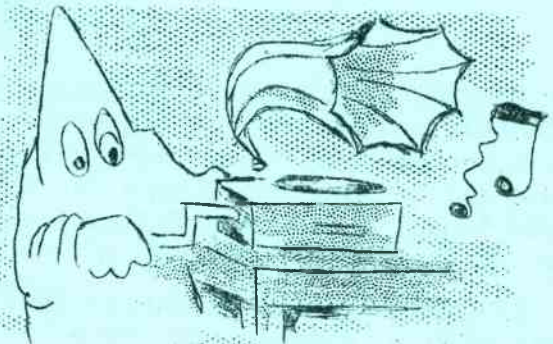
NEEDHAM: Very well, you leave me no choice. Guard! Lower the needle!

(A ghaaaastly George Formby record of the mid-thirties is heard...)

MACFRENZY: No, no! Turn it off! For God's sake turn it off!

NEEDHAM: He's weakening. Now for the final torture - a refined torture of the mind. Lower the needle!

(A loathsome commercial jingle for Blog is heard.....)



MACFRENZY: No, no! Turn it off! I hate fandom, stop it! I hate fandom, d'you hear? They'll never reach the Moon - Dan Dare's a softie - Bradbury stinks - Willis doesn't exist...(Sobs brokenly)

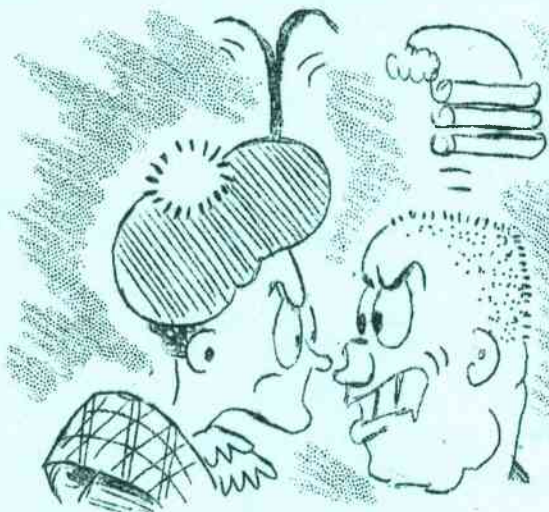
ANNOUNCER: Thus was fandom crushed in Spain.

(Music - final chords "Jupiter" -
Planet Suite, Holst.....)

ANNOUNCER: In the middle of the eighteenth century a storm flew over Britain, caused by the clash of opinion over the next Con-site.

(Fade in Bagpipe music)

In Scotland a dashing figure appeared, known to history as Bonnie Prince Hamilton; and gained immortal fame with his famous cry, "Glasgie i' 45!!!"



This cry spread like wildfire through Britain. Until, it came to the ears of German George, who remarked...

GG: Foreigners haf no right to hold conventions. London it will be.

BPH: Glasgie!

GG: London!!

BPH: Glasgie!!!

GG: London!!!!

(Faster and faster - utter bedlam results, finishing with cry of...
....KETTERING!!!)

ANNOUNCER: The result of this rebellion was that the convention of 1745 was held in Pwlheli, North Wales and only Welsh Baptists were allowed to attend. This era of confusion continued for a hundred years or more. In France, events were taking a serious turn. Proud, debauched Marie Antoinette, when told her people were without bread, replied disdainfully:

FEMALE VOICE: Let zem eat...Blog!

2nd ANNOUNCER: These dreadful words inspired hatred and terror throughout the land, and were responsible for that somewhat messy, FRENCH REVOLUTION!

(Music - "Marsellaise", "We'll all be
Murdered in our Beds", - fading into
" Land of Hope and Glory".....)

1st ANNOUNCER: Meanwhile in peace-loving, anti-social England, where tolerance and sanity once more prevailed, right thinking fen deplored the horror and bloodshed across the Channel; and among these the Revolution had no more implacable foe than the famous Pink Weed, who had rescued many a fan from the guillotine. Only a few were aware of his true identity: Lord Reaney of Scunthorpe.

2nd ANNOUNCER: The Lord Reaney that London Society new was a fop, a dandy with a fondness for fancy cravats; but his closest friends new him better. They new that beneath that green mask of congenital idiocy, a shrewd, calculating mind was at work.

21

1st ANNOUNCER: In stately, crumbling Reaney Manor, situated in the heart of the romantic Blackwall Tunnel, Lord Peter, alias the Pink Weed, was entertaining his friend and associate, Sir Bill Harry, a typical Fan de Siecle.

PINK WEED: Deuce, Sir Bill, you look exhausted.

SIR BILL: I am, I've just come back from Pawis.

PINK WEED: Ah, that explains it. What have you there ?

SIR BILL: It's a poetsarcd, giving all the latest news of the Wevolution.

PINK WEED: A poetsarcd from Paris eh, let me see... Ah-hah...ah-haah...mmm

SIR BILL: What does it say ?

PINK WEED: Just a minute I'll turn it over. "Having wonderful wish, time you were here"... Deuce take it, Sir Bill, the Comtesse de Buckmaster has been arrested!

SIR BILL: Awwested! The deuce you say!

PINK WEED: Quickly, man, we've no time to lose - with a little luck we'll catch the cross-channel packet! To horse!

1st ANNOUNCER: Late that afternoon, a proud ship dipped her majestic way towards France. Bearing with her - hope.

(Music - "Seascape"- crowd noises)

2nd ANNOUNCER: It is 48 hours later, and the Rue de Postcards, in the heart of Paris, is packed with a seething mass of humanity. In the centre of the multitude stands a raised platform, on which has been erected the dreaded, coldly-gleaming apparatus of the Guillotine. A tumbril forces it's way through the jostling crowds, carrying it's pathetic cargo of fen, who sing morosely as the mob spits and jeers.

(Music - 'We are poor little fen...')

1st ANNOUNCER: Unnoticed in that great crowd stands the most hated man in all France, head of the secret service, the man responsible for the reign of terror, Planeet and other horror comics: Oosterbaan Oosterbaan, the Revolutionary Man. He stands motionless, pale and silent, aloof from the noise and turmoil all about him. Suddenly, a guard tugs at his shoulder.

ROSCOE: Citizen Oosterbaan! Zat old crone sitting on ze cart - can it be zat accursed Eeenglishman, ze Pink Weed ?

OOSTERBAAN: Sotto voce! You are right! Eet eez a favourite disguise of heez! Aha, Pink Weed, you are unmasked! See, I rip off you' clumsy disguise - comme ca! (tearing noise) Et comme ca! (More tearing)

CRONE: Some girls might think you're impulsive, buddy, but I go for the modern, rugged he-man type, buddy...



OOSTERBAAN: A thousand pardons, Ma 'mselle! I assure you I meant no harm. A woman's chastity is sacred to me.

CRONE: Shame on you, buddy. Shame on you.

2nd ANNOUNCER: No, it was not the Pink Weed. Lord Peter had adopted an impenetrable disguise - that of a human being! A keen-eyed observer might have detected him not far away from the Guillotine, his little Austin Seven revved up and ready to go. Inured as he was to ghastly sights, however, the Pink Weed was forced to look away as Le Duc de Paul Hammett, doyen of French fandom, was led to the guillotine amid the jeering crowd.

M.C: Citizens of Paris! Topping the bill tonight is that old favourite, the biggest Bastille of them all -- your friend and my friend - Le Duc de Paul Hammett!

CROWD: Boo! Yah! Boo!

HAMMETT: Citizens of Paris....

CITIZEN: Off with his head!

CROWD: Yes, off with his head!

M.C: As you wish; the will of the people is law. Now, Duc de Hammett, place your head in the little groove, so..and now - down comes Madam la Guillotine!

(Drum roll - Guillotine crashes down)

CROWD: Hurraaaay!...Raaay!

M.C: Right, mes amis! Now his other head!

(Cheers, guillotine crashes down again,
more cheering.....)

PINK WEED: The Duc de Hammett gone...it seems incredible. Will this bloodshed never cease?

M.C: And now, to round up the proceedings, ladies and gentlemen, we have that glamorous femmefan: the Comtesse de Buckmaster!

CROWD: Boo! Boo! (Wolf whistles)

CITIZEN: But where is the Comtesse?

OOSTERBAAN: Pizzicato! She has deesappeared! Aha, I see eet all now! Once again, ze Pink Weed has been to clev-air for us! You blundering dolts, you were supposed to guard her; you will pay dearly for zis!

1st ANNOUNCER: Unnoticed in the confusion, the Pink Weed had whipped the Comtesse off the tumbril secreted her in the boot of his Austin Seven, and driven away in the direction of Calais. It was only when they had reached the safety of the cross-Channel steamer that the Pink Weed unlocked the boot and unravelled the Comtesse.

PINK WEED: We are nearing Dover. Open your eyes, Comtesse! Aha, as I suspected - eyeballs!



COMTESSE: Ah, my gallant Pink Weed! I knew you would not fail me!

PINK WEED: 'Twas nothing (Music - "Overture Wasps")

COMTESSE: Mais non, Peenk Weed, you are too modest! I theenk you are wonderful! You Eeenglishmen are supposed to be cold and reserved, but you are really warm and passionate, and impulsive! I adore you! J' ta dore all Eeenglishmen!

PINK WEED: Spoken like a Bea Mahaffey.

(Fade out music)

ANNOUNCER: The impetus of these gallant exploits, renewed the spirit of fandom for almost a century, until the cloying pomposity of the Victorian era bogged it down in a mass of hypocritical evasions and half-truths. A typical family of the period were the Burgesses of Bethnal Green. Let us join them now, in the drawing-room of their ornately sumptuous residence.

(Music - "Cross Hands Boogie")

PAPA: Clarissa! Stop that sinful trifling at the keys.

(Music stops)

CLARISSA: Oh, very well, Papa.

PAPA: Septimus, Daisy, Clarissa, Albert, Montague, Harry, Pearl; come here.

(Tramping sounds)

Can any of you children vouchsafe me any information as to where your idiot brother Brian may be? You Montague?

MONTY: I - I do not know, Papa.

PAPA: I see. Go to your room. Rest assured you will be severely thrashed for this. And you, Daisy; have you anything to say?

DAISY: Boo-hoo...

PAPA: Daisy!

DAISY: Yes, P-Papa?

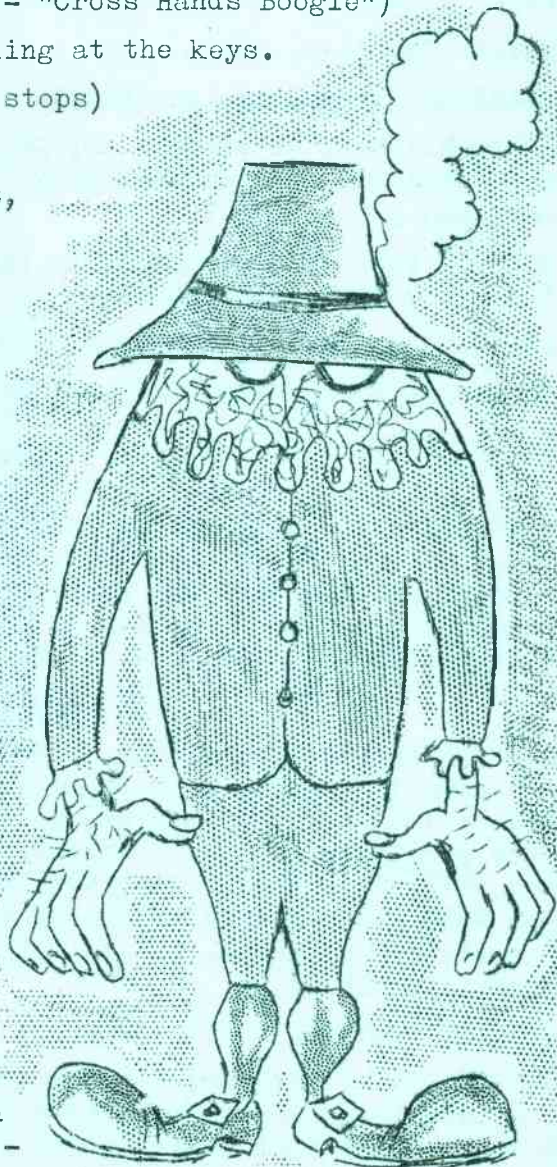
PAPA: WHERE IS YOUR BROTHER??

DAISY: He - he hath eloped, Papa!

ALL: Oh, now she's told! Oh, the little sneak!

PAPA: ELOPED!?!?

DAISY: Yeth, he'th eloped! He'th run away to get married, Papa, run away, d'you hear? And he'll never come back, never! And I'm glad, Papa, glad, becauth you're a beatht - a beatht and a bully -



24
PAPA: SILENCE!!

MONTY: Papa, Papa!

PAPA: I thought I told you to remain in your room, Montague.

MONTY: But it's BWIAN, Papa!

PAPA: Bwian - er, Brian ? What about Brian ?

MONTY: He's here, Papa! He's come home! See, here he comes!

CLARISSA: With hith lovely young bride!

PAPA: Brian! How dare you enter this house!!

BRIAN: I came to make my farewells, sir.

PAPA: Your farewells, sir ? Indeed! And what the devil may this be ??

BRIAN: It is my bride, Papa; the light of my life.

PAPA: Indeed! And what are you going to live on, may I ask ?

BRIAN: Our love, Papa.

CLARISSA: I say, how romantic!

PAPA: Silence, Clarissa - er, Daisy, - er, whatever your name is. Your love, indeed! And you, madam ? What have you to say about this - this outrageous behavior ?

HUGO: I think I can make Brian happy. Although you know, of course, Brian, I can never give you children.

BRIAN: Why not, my precious?

HUGO: Duh - 'cos I'm a feller too!

BRIAN: Cor!!

(Music - "Portrait of a Flirt" Farnon)

ANNOUNCER: The reaction to this age of sexual ignorance and repression came, of course, in the nineteen-twenties, when all-night, sensation seeking parties were the rage. Pre-eminent among these gatherings were those of the Lady Francesca de Winnick, whom we find entertaining a motley assemblage of fans of the period.

(Music - "Champagne Waltz")

LADY F: Darlings, darlings, come here! I've such a WONDERFUL surprise for you, I've actually persuaded Buddy Ashworth to play with us tonight. Such a dear boy. So clever, you know. Writes, and all that. Nobody ever publishes it, but then publishers are so crude and commercial, don't you think ? Ethel, darling! What a simply RAVISHING dress! But are you SURE your navel is supposed to show?. I'm certain the fringe hides a multitude of skins, too... Ah, there you are, Captain. Hiding behind a pane of glass!

CAPTAIN: But you can't see me, surely - I've got my eyes shut.

LADY F: Oh, yes I can; I've got mine shut, too. Now come along, darling, Sheila's been simply dying to meet you all evening. Oh God, it's too late, they're just carrying her out. Never mind, Captain, there are lots of pretty girls around - here's Archie Mercer, for instance.

I thought there was something fishy about this party. Let me introduce you! Captain Slater, O.F., M.T., M.T., M.T.,M.T. Meet, Archie Mercer.

ARCHIE: Delighted, Captain. But tell me; what are all the M.T.'s for ?

CAPTAIN: Oh, dash it all, old chap. There's twopence on each of them. Honoured to meet you. Can't think why.

ARCHIE: Oh, damn!

CAPTAIN: Sit down and have a toasted author.

ARCHIE: Big name ?

CAPTAIN: Not really, no. Ray something or other...

ARCHIE: Thanks, old fruit, but I daren't. Duodenum, y'know.

CAPTAIN: Really ? I'm C of E myself.

ARCHIE: How remerkable.

LADY F: Well, I'll leave you two together. Patricia, my dear, where HAVE you been ? You said three o'clock, you know, and it's after four now!

PATRICIA: Frightfully sorry, but I had the most DREADFUL accident. Fell from the fourth floor of my hotel.

LADY F: That took an hour ?? And you've come alone, too... Oh, darling, you don't mean...

PATRICIA: Yes, I've finished with Roger. He turned out to be the domestic type; always curled up with a good cook.

CAPTAIN: Patricia, sweet, where've you been all night ? Your the first person worth talking to I've met this evening.

PATRICIA: You are more fortunate than I, Captain. Just now, however, I am going to the woods.

CAPTAIN: Hurrah! Huzzah! To the WOODS!! To the woods, everybody, and lets have a barbecue!!

(The cry is taken up by all and sundry -
fade in - fade out music.....)

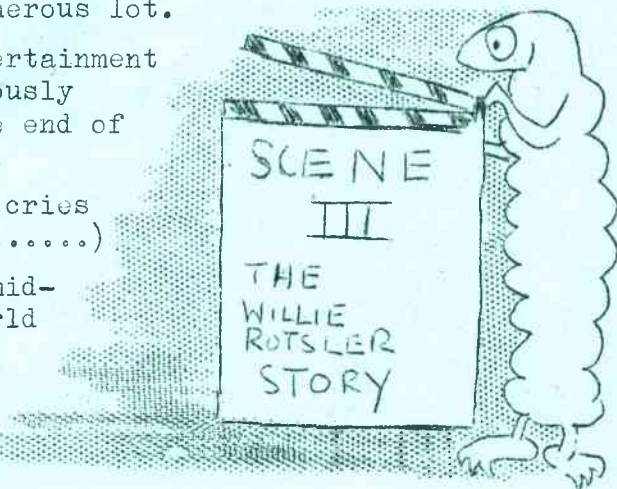
ANNOUNCER: We need not dwell any longer on this promising scene, as you all know what happens next - you lecherous lot.

However, others, who liked their entertainment by proxy, as it were, were simultaneously discovering a new thrill when, at the end of the decade, the cinema found a voice.

(Jolson record - "Sonny Boy" - cries
of, shut it off...shut it off.....)

ANNOUNCER: But it was not until the mid-thirties that fandom finally made world headlines by crashing that Mecca of filmdom, the fabulous city of -

HOLLYWOOD....



(Music - "Gentle Sex")

ACKERMAN: Yes, Hollywood, that iridescent jewel where people's charm is as false as the gold on a week-end wedding ring, where today's nobody is tomorrow's star, and today's star is tomorrow's nobody. More and more studios, in these days, were latching on to the s-f bandwagon, and released such epics as, 'How Green Was My Varley', Chuck Harris' 'The Phantom of the Opera', and 'The Invisible Fan' starring the popular Stuart Mackenzie. Another fan to hit the headlines was Bill Temple's little daughter, who made her name singing such songs as...

(Shirley Temple record - "Good Ship Lollypop". Gun shot. Infantile shriek.)

Her success however, was short lived. But other fans came after her, and today have made the film-city a vibrant, pulsating centre of fan-activity. With technical research opening up a new world of progress, not only for film makers, but for humanity, who knows what the future may hold?

ANNOUNCER: Yes; what of the future?

(Sound effect - Rocket blastoff- music - epilogue "Things To Come" Bliss.....)

CAMPBELL: Look! There...there they go. That faint gleam of light...

GOLD: But will they return?

CAMPBELL: Yes, and go again and again, until Mars is conquered, and Fandom can breath freely again. This is only a beginning. (Door opens)

McINTYRE: Campbell (Cab-al), for give this intrusion, but - they have forgotten the drink! I repeat,...oops, pardon, - they have no alcohol!!

(Pregnant pause)

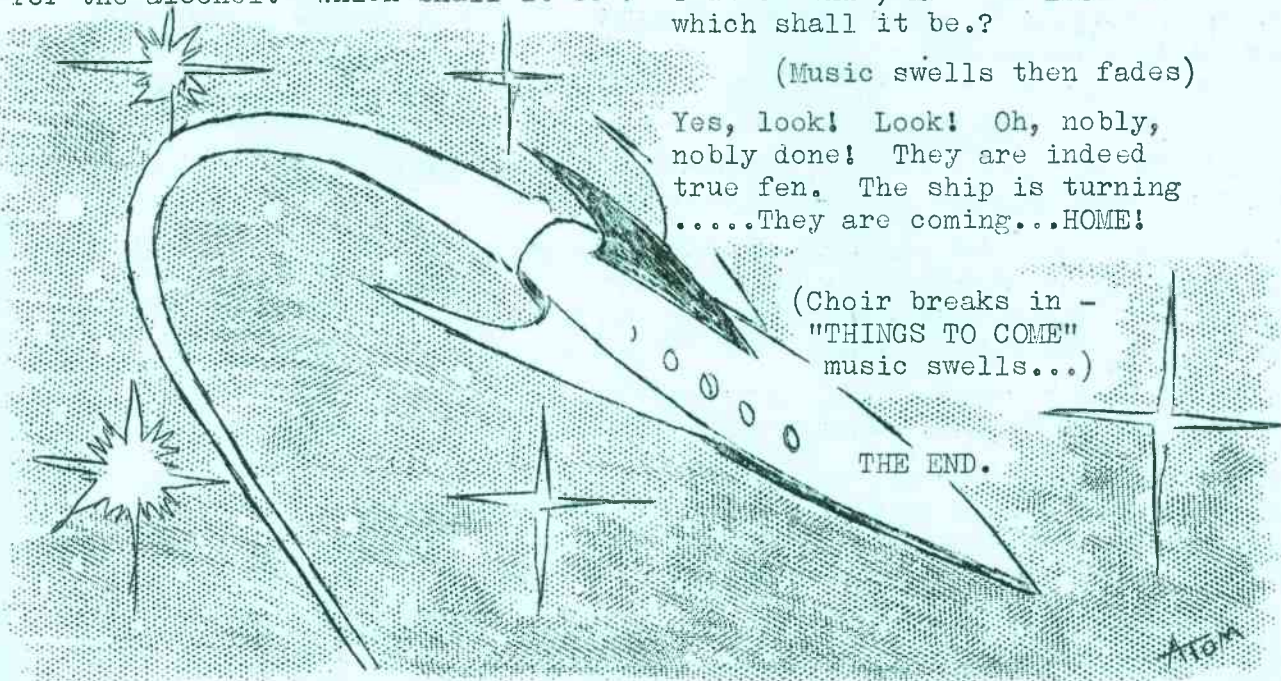
CAMPBELL: This shall be their test; whether to go on to Mars, or return for the alcohol. Which shall it be? That or this, Mars or Booze - which shall it be?

(Music swells then fades)

Yes, look! Look! Oh, nobly, nobly done! They are indeed true fen. The ship is turningThey are coming...HOME!

(Choir breaks in - "THINGS TO COME" music swells...)

THE END.



INTERLUDE

27

by

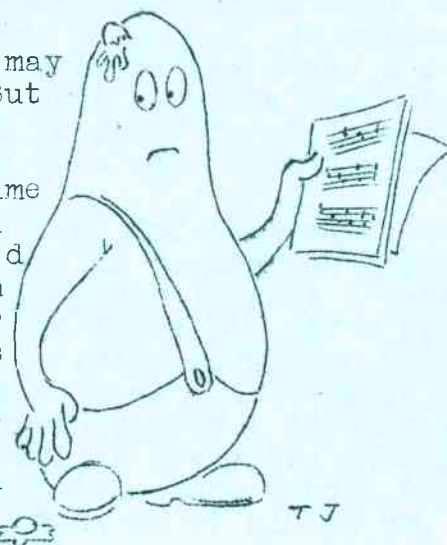
Terry Jeeves

Triode time is here again, and I hope that everyone has sufficiently recovered from their Kettering hangovers. That convention is now a thing of the past, but as those who were present at the Sunday meeting will know, preparations for the '57 Con are getting under way. Two bulletins have appeared, and as they are too long to quote in full, I'll pick out the highlights. A '57 Committee has been formed :- Secretary..Roberta Wild, Treasurer..Charles Duncombe, The Bulmers are to handle Stateside publicity, and the Clarkes will take care of Home and Continental. Fred Brown is the Programme Manager, John Brunner, Publicity Liaison, and Jimmy Rattigan is in charge of display and advertising.

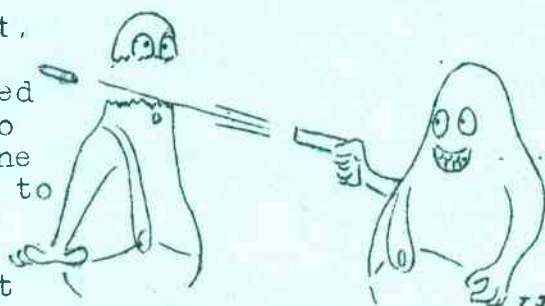
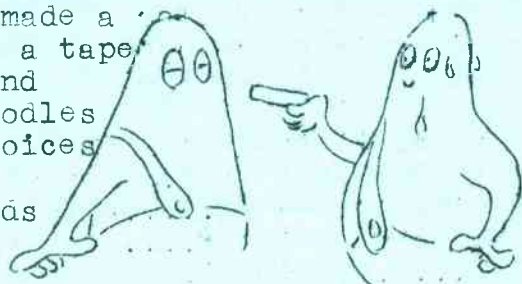
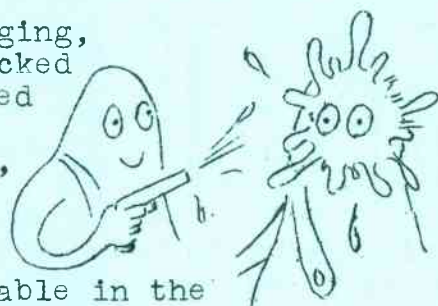
British Travel and Holidays Association will co-operate with us on publicity, and on a stand at the 14th Worldcon....."Tresco" 204 Wellmeadow Road, Catford, London. S.E.6, is to be the official Committee address.....John Wyndham is to be offered the honour of Honorary President....Convention date to be 6th, 7th, & 8th of Sep. 1957.....The hotel, to be the Royal Hotel, Woburn Place.....The price, 15/- for the Convention.

From the above precis, you can see that the Committee has not been sitting idle, but there are one or two points which may cause some argument. First, what happened to the holiday camp idea, which received so many favourable votes at Kettering? The second query being the choice of the 'Royal'. Those of you who remember the last time we were there, might also recall that this place is not exactly a second 'George Hotel' where fandom is concerned. For that matter, which London hotel is ? However, when the needs of Stateside fen are concerned, we must be prepared to make some concessions in our fanac....the trouble being, will the U.S. fen understand why our much vaunted 'orgies' have had to be watered down ?

From Conventions to Liverpool parties may not seem a great jump, normally, it isn't. But for once I met the Liverpool group on their home ground instead of on neutral territory. The contrast was terrific. At convention time the group is outstanding, but when I spent a weekend in Liverpool recently, they surpassed themselves. I was met at the station by Don MacKay, we collected Rene, and Archie Mercer and headed for the MacKays home, where I was plied with food. From there, we adjourned to some large eatery, and at around 8pm, met the rest of the Liverpudlians, plus Eric Jones and Margaret, Eric Dentcliffe, and all the other famous fen from that area.



The dinner itself, was a worthy fannish gorging, non-fen sitting around were alternately shocked and amused at the goings on. One or two dived for cover whenever Dave Newman passed the bread. Admittedly his method was unorthodox, as he used a full size duelling sabre (to be used later in the evening) waving the weapon around his head, he would stab the nearest hunk of bread, and lunge down the table in the direction of the hungry fan. Leaving the eatery, we stormed a ferry across the Mersey...(Shades of Fan history) landed in Birken head, and moved on to the Shorrock residence. Drinks were passed around, cine-cameras and tape recorders were set up, and the main ceremony began. Messrs Bentcliffe & Jones were ceremoniously robed, anointed (with correcting fluid) knighted, (with the sabre) and handmaiden Pat Doolan served nectar (which tasted just like beer) to all & sundry. Norman Shorrock made a colour film of the ceremony, and I made a tape of it for transmission to Ellis Mills and Dale Smith. Beer flowed freely amidst oodles of whisky, vodka and gin. I taped more voices and round about 3 a.m., the whole party collected spare hooch and a sack of spuds and sallied forth to the woods, where a large fire was lit and beer and roast potatoes kept us fortified. The sun was rising as we returned to the Shorrock home, which seemed as good an excuse as any for a game of 3 card Brag. Four of us were still awake for this, the rest were sleeping here there and everywhere. By 9am, everyone was napping in various strategic positions. The party finally broke up at 3 in the afternoon. This armistice lasted until the next morning, when 15 fully refreshed fen stormed the beaches complete with sandwiches and the left over remnants of the liquid refreshment. Again fires were lit...as were the fen, and before very long we had all stripped off for sun-bathing. We even managed to catch some sea-water bathing, before the evening caught up with us and it began to be time to prepare to return home. I caught the 8 o'clock train from Liverpool after having spent one of the most pleasant weekends I can ever remember... and that includes any Convention weekend. My thanks to Norman, Ina, Rene, Don, and all the other fen who made this possible.



So much for parties and conventions. At this stage, I'm going to make an appeal for the Fan's Good Cause. Does any fan have a copy of Campbell's... 'The Moon is Hell', for sale or trade, and while I'm about it, I am also after ASF, USA copies for Dec. 1939, and June 1940. I have a pile of trading material, and even a little cash, so have I any takers in my audience...(Thinks..."I wonder if I have an audience") Anyway, if anyone is interested, I have all three issues of Newnes 'Fantasy', Tales of Wonder.1. and sundry other items such as Galaxy s- No.1. with which to wet ..or should it be whet (?) your appetites.

Space travel enthusiasts, get out your note-books and make a special note of the next item. Just received from Dale R. Smith, an excellent (Triode sized) bibliography of Space Travel compiled by Dale. Beautifully reproduced, on high quality paper, it is divided into three main sections. 1. Title Listing, wherein all books (yes, I said 'all') are placed in alphabetical order. 2. Author Listing, where the same information is re-arranged so that the author's name provides the key. 3. Chronological listing in order of publication. Taking a familiar title, here is what you get under each section.

1. CONQUEST OF SPACE, THE
by Willy Ley. Viking Press 1949, 160 pages.
2. LEY, Willy.
Conquest of Space (Plus a list of his other books)
3. 1949 Conquest of Space. Dictionary of Guided Missile Terms.

In other words, if you know, title, author, or date of publication, you can trace the book. It's an invaluable item for the collector, and a bargain at \$1 from Dale. Incidentally, if you have any small doubt about it being comprehensive, you'll have one hell of a time trying to find any book that Dale has missed.

I seem to be in a mood for free advertising these days, my own and other peoples, so I'll wind up with a reminder from a bloke who has probably done more for British fandom than any other fan I know..and that is no disparagement of that great fan WAW. Kenneth F Slater is still around although OF doesn't seem to be, and Ken's book and magazine business is deserving of more publicity, so :-

FANTAST (MEDWAY) LTD.
22 Broad St.,
SYSTON, LEICS., ENGLAND

AMERICAN MAGAZINES

ASTOUNDING S-F 1950 to 1952
all issues at 1/6 each !!!

AMAZING STORIES at 3/- each
1955..Jan.Jul.Sep.Nov. Dec.
1956..Jan.Feb.

FANTASTIC at 3/- each.
1955 Jun.Oct.Dec '56 Feb.Apr

IMAGINATION at 3/- each.
1955 May.Jun.Jul.Oct.Dec.
1956 Feb.Apr.

IMAGINATIVE TALES at 3/- ea.
1955. Sep.Nov. '56 Jan.Mar.

+++++.....+++++

NEW MINT AMERICAN BOOKS

UNTOUCHED BY HUMAN HANDS:
Robert Sheckley.....6/-

THE CASTLE OF IRON:
de Camp and Pratt10/-

TALES FROM GAVAGAN'S BAR:
de Camp and Prett10/-

TOMORROW & TOMORROW, with
THE FAIRY CHESSMEN...Padgett.12/6

THE MIXED MEN...van Vogt.....12/6

BEST SCIENCE FICTION STORIES:
1952.....14/6

THE ROBOT AND THE MAN:
edited by Martin Greenberg.14/6

Postage extra on all invoices
under £2

All these items and many others are listed in Ken's monthly catalogues. Many back issues of magazines are available. Send your want list. Fantast (Medway) also buys your s-f, so send along full details of what you wish to sell.

29

Space travel enthusiasts, get out your note-books and make a special note of the next item. Just received from Dale R. Smith, an excellent (Triode sized) bibliography of Space Travel compiled by Dale. Beautifully reproduced, on high quality paper, it is divided into three main sections. 1. Title Listing, wherein all books (yes, I said 'all') are placed in alphabetical order. 2. Author Listing, where the same information is re-arranged so that the author's name provides the key. 3. Chronological listing in order of publication. Taking a familiar title, here is what you get under each section.

1. CONQUEST OF SPACE, THE
by Willy Ley. Viking Press 1949, 160 pages.
2. LEY, Willy.
Conquest of Space (Plus a list of his other books)
3. 1949 Conquest of Space. Dictionary of Guided Missile Terms.

In other words, if you know, title, author, or date of publication, you can trace the book. It's an invaluable item for the collector, and a bargain at \$1 from Dale. Incidentally, if you have any small doubt about it being comprehensive, you'll have one hell of a time trying to find any book that Dale has missed.

I seem to be in a mood for free advertising these days, my own and other peoples, so I'll wind up with a reminder from a bloke who has probably done more for British fandom than any other fan I know..and that is no disparagement of that great fan WAW. Kenneth F Slater is still around although OF doesn't seem to be, and Ken's book and magazine business is deserving of more publicity, so :-

FANTAST (MEDWAY) LTD.
22 Broad St.,
SYSTON, LEICS., ENGLAND

AMERICAN MAGAZINES

ASTOUNDING S-F 1950 to 1952
all issues at 1/6 each !!!

AMAZING STORIES at 3/- each
1955..Jan.Jul.Sep.Nov. Dec.
1956..Jan.Feb.

FANTASTIC at 3/- each.
1955 Jun.Oct.Dec '56 Feb.Apr

IMAGINATION at 3/- each.
1955 May.Jun.Jul.Oct.Dec.
1956 Feb.Apr.

IMAGINATIVE TALES at 3/- ea.
1955. Sep.Nov. '56 Jan.Mar.

+++++.....+++++

NEW MINT AMERICAN BOOKS

UNTOUCHED BY HUMAN HANDS:
Robert Sheckley.....6/-

THE CASTLE OF IRON:
de Camp and Pratt10/-

TALES FROM GAVAGAN'S BAR:
de Camp and Pratt10/-

TOMORROW & TOMORROW, with
THE FAIRY CHESSMEN:...Padgett.12/6

THE MIXED MEN...van Vogt.....12/6

BEST SCIENCE FICTION STORIES:
1952.....14/6

THE ROBOT AND THE MAN:
edited by Martin Greenberg.14/6

Postage extra on all invoices
under £2

All these items and many others are listed in Ken's monthly catalogues. Many back issues of magazines are available. Send your want list. Fantast (Medway) also buys your s-f, so send along full details of what you wish to sell.

30

Alan Dodd 77 Stanstead Rd, Hoddesdon, Herts.

I still don't see how you can continuously produce such a huge issue every few months but you seem to be managing somehow. The Photopage in itself is quite unique in being both surprising and disillusioning at the same time. Surely this suave Continental can not really be Jan Jansen? He looks rather like an expensive Viennese psychiatrist, rather than a fan. ((Please don't start a rumour that Jan is a myth, or a figment...currently, with various fen proclaiming that John Berry, Joan Carr, Harry Turner, and several others don't exist, I'm getting rather confused. Especially since I know they do.)) And are these Marlon Brando types really the Benfords? ((If you can imagine Brando with a high pitched voice, yes.)) It is most surprising to say the least, but what happened to pix of the Clevecon? I haven't seen any yet from any source. Not even one of Bloch. Tsk. Tsk. ((I haven't either, Alan. Look you Stateside folk, we over here are always very eager to see photos of you, convention photos in particular and, if you'd care to send me your negs after you've taken as many prints as you want I'd very much like to have them, and pass them around. I can't guarantee what will happen to them after I've passed them on, but I'll do my best to see that you get them back.))

I'm rather glad to see that despite pressure from the Gestalters and George Richards against the Rotsler nudes in Triode, you haven't taken a blind bit of notice and have continued printing them. Viva la Rotsler. Who would have thought that a former BEM artist like him could have drawn such delightful showgirl creatures. It's an important point to see the sudden change in an artist of his calibre. Were the nudes his own idea or did you especially ask him to do them? ((Bill's been drawing nudes inbetween BEM's for quite some time, but I did mention to him that I like a well drawn popsy.))

It wasn't until half way through the lettercol that I realised what an ingenious idea you are using by putting the writers full name and address down vertically from his name. Somehow it took me ages to see what the full significance of this was. ((Dunno that it had any particular significance... it has a couple of drawbacks tho' which is why I'm not using the method this issue... Things got kind of awkward if you wanted to print a short letter from someone with a long address, and some letters were apt to overlap. One of those brilliant ideas which didn't work as well as I'd hoped.))

Bentcliffe in
attendance

30

Alan Dodd 77 Stanstead Rd, Hoddesdon, Herts.

I still don't see how you can continuously produce such a huge issue every few months but you seem to be managing somehow. The Photopage in itself is quite unique in being both surprising and disillusioning at the same time. Surely this suave Continental can not really be Jan Jansen? He looks rather like an expensive Viennese psychiatrist, rather than a fan. ((Please don't start a rumour that Jan is a myth, or a figment...currently, with various fen proclaiming that John Berry, Joan Carr, Harry Turner, and several others don't exist, I'm getting rather confused. Especially since I know they do.)) And are these Marlon Brando types really the Benfords? ((If you can imagine Brando with a high pitched voice, yes.)) It is most surprising to say the least, but what happened to pix of the Clevecon? I haven't seen any yet from any source. Not even one of Bloch. Tsk. Tsk. ((I haven't either, Alan. Look you Stateside folk, we over here are always very eager to see photos of you, convention photos in particular and, if you'd care to send me your negs after you've taken as many prints as you want I'd very much like to have them, and pass them around. I can't guarantee what will happen to them after I've passed them on, but I'll do my best to see that you get them back.))

I'm rather glad to see that despite pressure from the Gestalters and George Richards against the Rotsler nudes in Triode, you haven't taken a blind bit of notice and have continued printing them. Viva la Rotsler. Who would have thought that a former BEM artist like him could have drawn such delightful showgirl creatures. It's an important point to see the sudden change in an artist of his calibre. Were the nudes his own idea or did you especially ask him to do them? ((Bill's been drawing nudes inbetween BEM's for quite some time, but I did mention to him that I like a well drawn popsy.))

It wasn't until half way through the lettercol that I realised what an ingenious idea you are using by putting the writers full name and address down vertically from his name. Somehow it took me ages to see what the full significance of this was. ((Dunno that it had any particular significance... it has a couple of drawbacks tho' which is why I'm not using the method this issue. Things got kind of awkward if you wanted to print a short letter from someone with a long address, and some letters were apt to overlap. One of those brilliant ideas which didn't work as well as I'd hoped.))

Typically vesuvian letter from Boyd Raeburn as ever. He certainly livens up any lettercol. ((And just the other day, some fan told me that Boyd doesn't exist!!)) Can't help laughing at his just remarks on Pete Rigby though. Hmm, he says Pete looks a pretty nice guy. I wonder if he got a different Triode photopage to me. ((Well, we could hardly send you both the same one...actually, there was a slight slip of the digit when I was typing the key for the photopage for T5, and Bill Harry became Pete Rigby, and vice versa. Now we all now where we are, don't we!!))

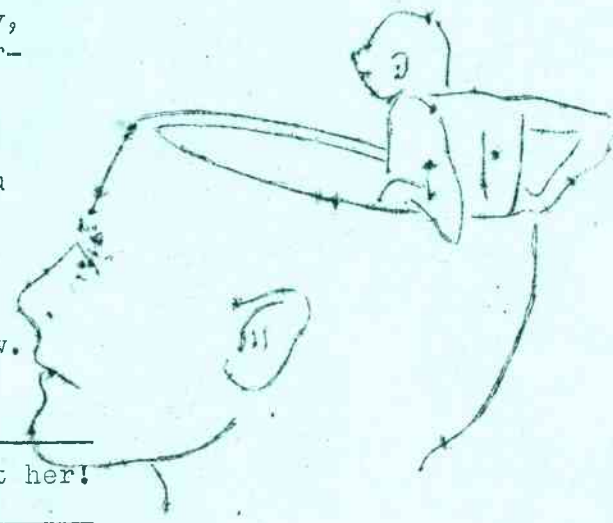
I'm not going to believe in any of the fanzine reviews this issue, after that dreadful Ploy in the last issue attributing a non-existent fanzine to Ron Bennett. He's still writing letters saying he's run out of copies. How could you do this to him ? ((Ron did once put out a non-existent fanzine himself, so, you could call it poetic justice.)) Liked the Soggies in the fanzine reviews tho'. Very appropriate.

When you see the stencils for CAMBER6 you'll realise that the '57 Flord' is only the beggining of an onslaught from various English fans as revenge on American fandom and its gargantuan autos. I've probably been a little less subtle in patches though I think Calkins and a few others should realise the hidden depths.

Pete Rigby 131 Kensington Rd, Southport, Lancs.

I object to being called a sercon fugghead. It just isn't true. I have never at any time written to any fanzine asking for more sercon articles and discussions on science-fiction etc. Personally I'm pretty happy with almost any kind of zine, right from a humourzine like HYPHEN to a very s&c zine like NuFu. A little bit of both is what I like, but I've never written to any humourzine asking for more sercon articles. Boyd Raeburn's last accusation, that I think The Bible Is True Every Word Of It, is also wrong. I put forward my religious views in PLOY 5, and I'm not going into it all again here - I suppose Boyd got his ideas from that letter in HYPHEN; a horrible letter it was too. ((You wrote it though, Pete, didn't you ?)) To crown the lot, the photo key for that issue was wrong and Boyd was looking at Bill Harry.((What are you complaining about he said you looked a nice normal character!))

The Wetzcon report, Future History, and the editorials were all pretty interesting, though I didn't think much of Abacchus. John Berry's saucer article just isn't up my street at all. Artwork was very good throughout. ((I think you misunderstand the meaning of 'sercon fugghead', Pete, the phrase intimates that the person named is apt to comport himself a little over-seriously. And, you are a little guilty of this you know. In print, at least.))



We should tell the birds and bee's about her!

Typically vesuvian letter from Boyd Raeburn as ever. He certainly livens up any lettercol. ((And just the other day, some fan told me that Boyd doesn't exist!!)) Can't help laughing at his just remarks on Pete Rigby though. Hmm, he says Pete looks a pretty nice guy. I wonder if he got a different Triode photopage to me. ((Well, we could hardly send you both the same one...actually, there was a slight slip of the digit when I was typing the key for the photopage for T5, and Bill Harry became Pete Rigby, and vice versa. Now we all now where we are, don't we!!))

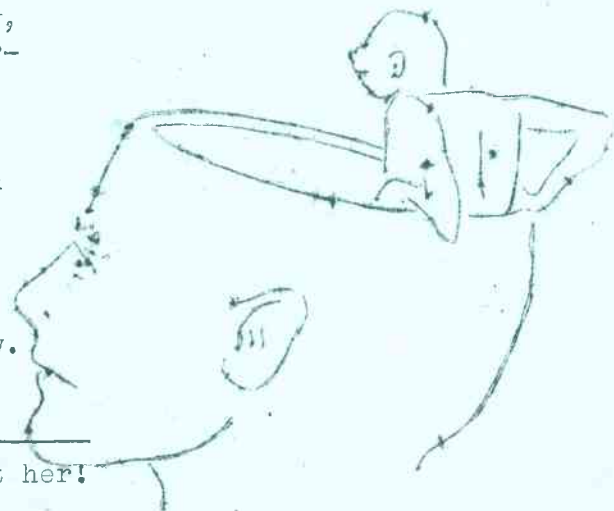
I'm not going to believe in any of the fanzine reviews this issue, after that dreadful Ploy in the last issue attributing a non-existent fanzine to Ron Bennett. He's still writing letters saying he's run out of copies. How could you do this to him? ((Ron did once put out a non-existent fanzine himself, so, you could call it poetic justice.)) Liked the Soggies in the fanzine reviews tho'. Very appropriate.

When you see the stencils for CAMBER6 you'll realise that the '57 Flord' is only the beggining of an onslaught from various English fans as revenge on American fandom and its gargantuan autos. I've probably been a little less subtle in patches though I think Calkins and a few others should realise the hidden depths.

Pete Rigby 131 Kensington Rd, Southport, Lancs.

I object to being called a sercon fugghead. It just isn't true. I have never at any time written to any fanzine asking for more sercon articles and discussions on science-fiction etc. Personally I'm pretty happy with almost any kind of zine, right from a humourzine like HYPHEN to a very s&c zine like NuFu. A little bit of both is what I like, but I've never written to any humourzine asking for more sercon articles. Boyd Raeburn's last accusation, that I think The Bible Is True Every Word Of It, is also wrong. I put forward my religious views in PLOY 5, and I'm not going into it all again here - I suppose Boyd got his ideas from that letter in HYPHEN; a horrible letter it was too. ((You wrote it though, Pete, didn't you?)) To crown the lot, the photo key for that issue was wrong and Boyd was looking at Bill Harry.((What are you complaining about he said you looked a nice normal character!))

The Wetzcon report, Future History, and the editorials were all pretty interesting, though I didn't think much of Abacchus. John Berry's saucer article just isn't up my street at all. Artwork was very good throughout. ((I think you misunderstand the meaning of 'sercon fugghead', Pete, the phrase intimates that the person named is apt to comport himself a little over-seriously. And, you are a little guilty of this you know. In print, at least.))



We should tell the birds and bee's about her!

Eric Jones 44 Barbridge Rd, Hesters Way, Cheltenham, Glos.

Now I'm glad that I met Anne Steul at the con' before I read Julian's report on the Wetzcon, as I can appreciate his remarks about her touchiness...I guess we must be classed as psychic in G.B. for, I was told I should recognise people who I've never seen before, never been introduced to, and who, through fuggheadedness, think that they needn't wear the lapel ticket that was issued to all at the con...Ghott in Himmel!...but the report was excellent and I can well imagine the discomfort of sleeping in a German-type bed in January! ((I too, can understand why there has been so much strife in Gerfandom since meeting Anne. Dogmatic, is the mildest word I can think of.))

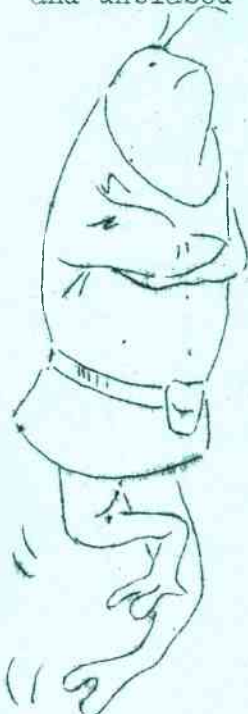
John Berry's serious article on TERRESTIAL (?) Saucers is quite good and brought me up to date on a few of the recent developments. Terry's INTERMISSION ((This should have been INTERLUDE. The clot forgot what his own column was called.)), SCIENCE-FICTION - yet! Boys, you'll have to watch yourselves...don't you know that stuff is 'verboden' ? ((Depends on how it's presented, Eric...and this goes for most other 'serious' topics within fandom.))

Con Turner 14 Lime St, Waldrige Fell, Chester-le-Street, Co. Durham.

The interior art was excellent, and I think one of the reasons was the contrast between that of Atom and Rotsler, both of whom I sure admire. Rotslers, creatures from the Black Lagoon are almost as good as the Soggies. WINTERMISSION, was good, and I am pleased to see that someone is taking up cudgels for Pete Reaney (?). It is about time his talents were recognised. Vote for the best in the issue goes to Julian Parr. This I found extremely good. In fact excellent. A true factual, and unbiased report of a con, put over in a very readable manner. Would that more people had the clarity of Mr.Parr, and the honesty, too. No excuses are offered here, just straight talking. Anyhow, I hope the differences between the parties concerned are soon resolved.

Abacchus, was nice but, he can't be right in what he says about fan-eds. I know it's usually the other way round. They keep saying, "Yes, it's well in hand. Oh sure it'll be there on time, and it's good too...What!! next week. But it isn't three months since...." Sir, you have my deepest sympathies in trying to deal with this obvious Mal Ingerer. I can see that his ultimate aim is the downfall of fandom. I can see him now, crying, "No more fanmags..make sure your column is late... don't wait till tomorrow to put off what you can put off today..". You must watch this fiend carefully.

I think this little tale is one which might interest you. There was a man who owned a tiny, rather antique car. Very unreliable it was, too, and one day it just slowed to a stop and refused to go any further. The man lifted the hood, fiddled with the engine, but with no avail. Then a huge Jag pulled up alongside.



Eric Jones 44 Barbridge Rd, Hesters Way, Cheltenham, Glos.

Now I'm glad that I met Anne Steul at the con before I read Julian's report on the Wetzcon, as I can appreciate his remarks about her touchiness...I guess we must be classed as psychic in G.B. for, I was told I should recognise people who I've never seen before, never been introduced to, and who, through fuggheadedness, think that they needn't wear the lapel ticket that was issued to all at the con...Ghott in Himmel!...but the report was excellent and I can well imagine the discomfort of sleeping in a German-type bed in January! ((I too, can understand why there has been so much strife in Gerfandom since meeting Anne. Dogmatic, is the mildest word I can think of.))

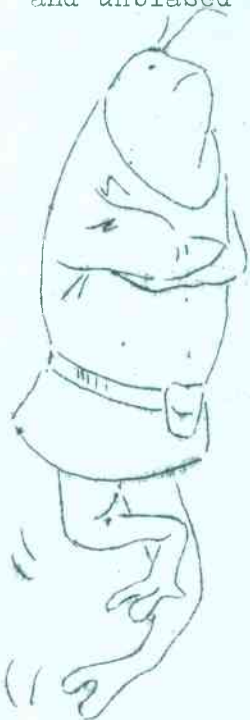
John Berry's serious article on TERRESTIAL (?) Saucers is quite good and brought me up to date on a few of the recent developments. Terry's INTERMISSION ((This should have been INTERLUDE. The clot forgot what his own column was called.)), SCIENCE-FICTION - yet! Boys, you'll have to watch yourselves...don't you know that stuff is 'verboten' ? ((Depends on how it's presented, Eric...and this goes for most other 'serious' topics within fandom.))

Con Turner 14 Lime St, Waldrige Fell, Chester-le-Street, Co. Durham.

The interior art was excellent, and I think one of the reasons was the contrast between that of Atom and Rotsler, both of whom I sure admire. Rotslers, creatures from the Black Lagoon are almost as good as the Soggies. WINTERMISSION, was good, and I am pleased to see that someone is taking up cudgels for Pete Reaney (?). It is about time his talents were recognised. Vote for the best in the issue goes to Julian Parr. This I found extremely good. In fact excellent. A true factual, and unbiased report of a con, put over in a very readable manner. Would that more people had the clarity of Mr. Parr, and the honesty, too. No excuses are offered here, just straight talking. Anyhow, I hope the differences between the parties concerned are soon resolved.

Abacchus, was nice but, he can't be right in what he says about fan-eds. I know it's usually the other way round. They keep saying, "Yes, it's well in hand. Oh sure it'll be there on time, and it's good too...What!! next week. But it isn't three months since...." Sir, you have my deepest sympathies in trying to deal with this obvious Mal Ingerer. I can see that his ultimate aim is the downfall of fandom. I can see him now, crying, "No more fanmags..make sure your column is late... don't wait till tomorrow to put off what you can put off today..". You must watch this fiend carefully.

I think this little tale is one which might interest you. There was a man who owned a tiny, rather antique car. Very unreliable it was, too, and one day it just slowed to a stop and refused to go any further. The man lifted the hood, fiddled with the engine, but with no avail. Then a huge Jag pulled up alongside.



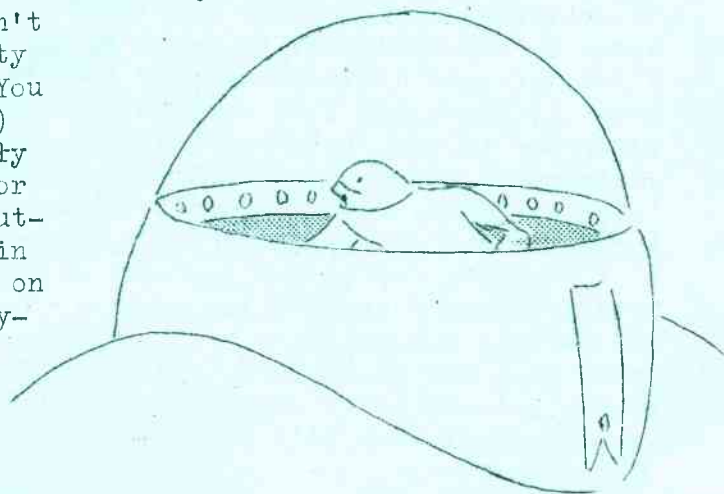
The driver offered to help, but as usual, didn't. So, he offered to tow the smaller car, to which the oilstained owner readily agreed, but insisted that the driver of the Jag should not exceed 50mph, as he couldn't guarantee his jalopy to hold the road at speeds exceeding this. It was agreed that if he got into difficulties he'd wave to the Jag driver to stop.

All went well, until a flash Bently tore past. The Jag owner could not resist the challenge and down went his foot on the accelerator. A garage owner happened to be outside his garage as the convoy flashed past. He rushed inside, and phoned his mate at the garage down the road. "Quick," he said, "get outside and you'll see something you've never seen before." "What?" Was the reply. "A huge Jag chasing a Bently at ninety miles an hour, and an ancient Austin flagging like hell to overtake!!!"

Archie Mercer 434/4 Newark Rd, North Hykeham, Lincoln.

I suppose it's really about time I replied to TRIODE the sixth. That's the worst about all these fanzines being rushed through/held back, for issue at a con. You can't read them THEN, when you get back you can't do anything else BUT. The only point I can see in putting out specially to catch a con, is that you can maybe rake in a few new subbers. ((We do it to save postage, Archie. And then, an issue of T is due around Eastertime, according to the rough schedule we've set ourselves. But, please don't tell anybody we have a schedule. Triode, is irregular, yes sir.)) Well, it seems a highly miscellaneous issue until Julian's conreport begins. I forget whether it's the 107th or 109th report of the Wetzcon I've read within the last few months, but as nowadays I like conreports irrespective of whether or not I Was There, I enjoyed it. Also the photos. An interesting lettercol, too. I don't think Reaney's poem quite as good as the one he read out at the con to celebrate his being chosen to go to Siberia (I read the mss afterwards, it seems that Vodka rhymes with Nebula!). ((I'd hoped to get it for this issue, Archie, but Pete Hamilton was there first and bought it for Nebula)) The interesting letter de luxe of course is Helen Winick's. But then, she seems to specialise in writing interesting letters.

Re your statements to John the Berry's antecedents at the foot of page 24, I suppose really that for the Irish themselves to employ ENGLISH policemen is perfectly logical and absolutely Irish. However, so long as he doesn't really exist, it doesn't really matter WHAT his nationality would be if he did, does it. ((You got a strain of Irish in you ?)) The Fut. Hist continues pleasantly with a superb SUPERB atom illo for the title. Almost as good a fanautical illo as that one by Turner in BEM a year or two back. The illo on p29, however, looks more than anything like Ina Shorrock just about to de-green herself after the Liverpool masquerade.



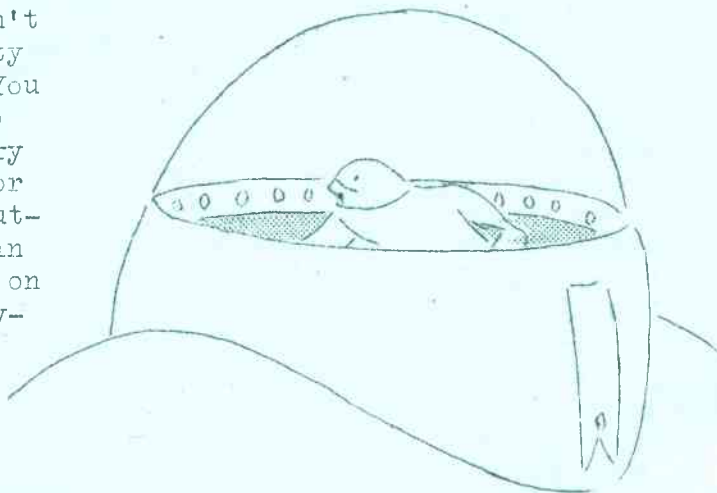
The driver offered to help, but as usual, didn't. So, he offered to tow the smaller car, to which the oilstained owner readily agreed, but insisted that the driver of the Jag should not exceed 50mph, as he couldn't guarantee his jalopy to hold the road at speeds exceeding this. It was agreed that if he got into difficulties he'd wave to the Jag driver to stop.

All went well, until a flash Bentley tore past. The Jag owner could not resist the challenge and down went his foot on the accelerator. A garage owner happened to be outside his garage as the convoy flashed past. He rushed inside, and phoned his mate at the garage down the road. "Quick," he said, "get outside and you'll see something you've never seen before." "What?" Was the reply. "A huge Jag chasing a Bentley at ninety miles an hour, and an ancient Austin flagging like hell to overtake!!!"

Archie Mercer 434/4 Newark Rd, North Hykeham, Lincoln.

I suppose it's really about time I replied to TRIODE the sixth. That's the worst about all these fanzines being rushed through/held back, for issue at a con. You can't read them THEN, when you get back you can't do anything else BUT. The only point I can see in putting out specially to catch a con, is that you can maybe rake in a few new subbers. ((We do it to save postage, Archie. And then, an issue of T is due around Eastertime, according to the rough schedule we've set ourselves. But, please don't tell anybody we have a schedule. Triode, is irregular, yes sir.)) Well, it seems a highly miscellaneous issue until Julian's conreport begins. I forget whether it's the 107th or 109th report of the Wetzcon I've read within the last few months, but as nowadays I like conreports irrespective of whether or not I Was There, I enjoyed it. Also the photos. An interesting lettercol, too. I don't think Reaney's poem quite as good as the one he read out at the con to celebrate his being chosen to go to Siberia (I read the mss afterwards, it seems that Vodka rhymes with Nebula!). ((I'd hoped to get it for this issue, Archie, but Pete Hamilton was there first and bought it for Nebula)) The interesting letter de luxe of course is Helen Winick's. But then, she seems to specialise in writing interesting letters.

Re your statements to John the Berry's antecedents at the foot of page 24, I suppose really that for the Irish themselves to employ ENGLISH policemen is perfectly logical and absolutely Irish. However, so long as he doesn't really exist, it doesn't really matter WHAT his nationality would be if he did, does it. ((You got a strain of Irish in you ?)) The Fut. Hist continues pleasantly with a superb SUPERB atom illo for the title. Almost as good a fanautical illo as that one by Turner in BEM a year or two back. The illo on p29, however, looks more than anything like Ina Shorrock just about to de-green herself after the Liverpool masquerade.



Remains columns by Bentcliffe, Jeeves, Ashworth, none of them anything to complain about - the reverse in fact. Some impeccable duplication - and two covers. Front 'uns just a cover - back 'uns definitely Clever. And very valid, too.

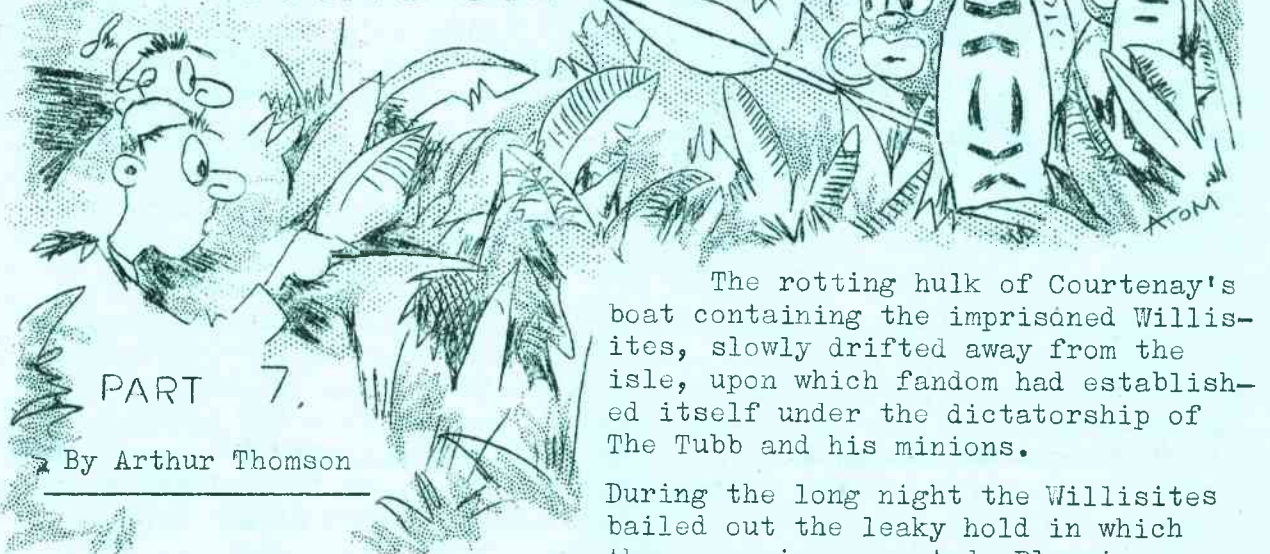
Boyd Raeburn 9 Glenvalley Drive, Toronto 9, Canada.

I was rather rocked by the letter column, no wonder it's such a long one you print the letters absolutely verbatim ((Not this issue, Boyd, I'm pooped for space.)). Have you no discretion? Are you trying to be an English Georgina Ellis? Fortunately I wrote nothing in my last letter that I particularly object to your printing, but I was rather surprised that you printed a couple of rather derogatory statements I made about a couple of people. Look at your editorial, man, in T6. Practice what you preach, and all that. (('Fraid my valour got the better part of my discretion, but I'll do my best to see it doesn't happen again. Actually, though, what I was deploring in that last editorial (probably I didn't put it over very well), were attacks against a fans 'character' rather than his behavior as a fan.)) I found Julian Parr's con report very interesting. This is strange, as I know little of German fandom, and while many of the names were familiar, I have forgotten most of the background on them I have read in other zines. Ergo, it would seem that Julian has a style which I find interesting. The con seems to have been bursting with Immortal Storm type situations. What a strange mixture, early U.S. - type fandom with a smattering of California-type squirrels. I wonder if there will be an exclusion act at the next gathering. When does Michelism rear its head? Do you yearn for time-travel? Go to a German con.

Julian seems to attach some significance to "bright green" shirts. This I cannot understand. What is so unusual about bright green shirts? Have you any explanation? ((Think Julian was impressed by the number of them rather by their colour...appeared that several fen were wearing a uniform.)) Abacchus, was a beautiful piece of work. I envy you having Ashworth as a contributor.

In your review of A Bas, you say it's a "little bohemian at times". Elsewhere you call it "arty". I am puzzled. What on earth do you mean by these terms? ((Just what I said, ie, it's a bohemian type arty mag..... this is the impression I get when reading A Bas but I find it rather hard to define. Kir's writings in particular give me this impression, that he is writing 'art for art's sake' and hoping that his pyrotechnics will cover up the fact that he isn't saying anything. If it's any consolation, I get the same impressions when reading Bradbury.)) Hey, man, dig me, I'm arty! ((Shaw..)) I am most intrigued that in a fairly short space of time, two people, both English fans, you and Enever, have called the Derogations are cruel, and Ken Bulmer was also rumbling about them in a recent issue of ORION, but I couldn't figure out what he was talking about so I'll leave him out of it. How about telling me in what way I am being 'cruel'. ((I wouldn't say that all of the derogations are cruel...and if the bods involved aren't complaining probably I shouldn't either. However, although the phrases you use have been published previously, you take them up and print them out of context, and most often you give the intended meaning a twist (intentionally or not), by the context in which it is printed, completely different from it's original meaning.))

FUTURE HISTORY OF FANDOM



PART 7.

By Arthur Thomson

The rotting hulk of Courtenay's boat containing the imprisoned Willisites, slowly drifted away from the isle, upon which fandom had established itself under the dictatorship of The Tubb and his minions.

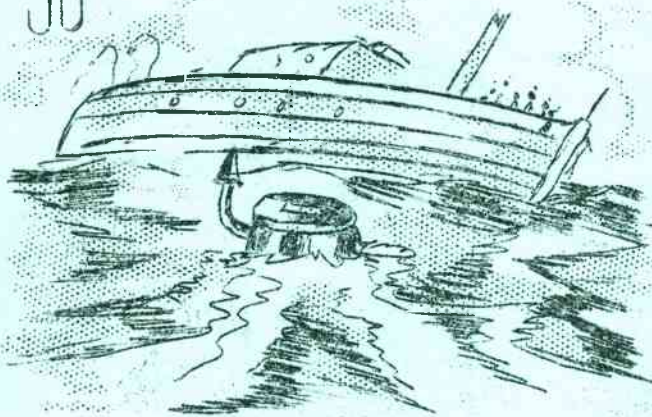
During the long night the Willisites bailed out the leaky hold in which they were incarcerated. Plugging up

the leaky hull with the copies of Fantum which had been thrown at them as a final insult. At first, George Charters, refused to bail (he said he wanted to see his lawyer), and objected to the use of his ear-trumpet as a bailer. After a few Fantum's had been stuffed into his mouth, he retired to a far corner of the hold and counted the Max Brand hard covers he'd smuggled aboard in the hollow arm of his wheelchair.

Dawn came at last, and light filtered through the boards which battened down the hold. Willis, once more assumed command of his gallant little band; James White, Bob Shaw, John Berry, George Charters, Chuck Harris, and myself. Under his able direction, a game of Ghoddminton was commenced, ten points being allowed for a ricochet off the hatch. In this way the boards barring us from the deck of the ship were soon broken, although, it must be admitted that if John had not been present it is doubtful whether we would have escaped the confines of the hold so quickly.

We climbed up onto the deck but could see nothing bar the heaving swell of the ocean. The island had long since sunk below the horizon. We huddled in a small group, even the ever-ready wit of Walt seemed to be missing. We were a forlorn group. Chuck, fell to his knees and beat the deck with taloned hands. " Lorst, lorst," he cried, "and me Gestetner guarantee with three more months to run." Berry, touched to the heartstrings by Chuck's pean of doom, thrust his last photo of Marilyn Monroe into Chuck's hand. "Take it," he cried, "your need is greater than mine, besides I've an unopened package of pornography from Jan Jansen stitched inside my shirt."

A sudden shout from James White, brought us rushing aft. Thinking he had finished chapter ninety of his great novel we heaped congratulations on him.



"You fools!" he screamed, "Look, over there." Our eyes followed the direction of his pointed finger. A round, black, spiky object was bobbing its way through the sea towards us. "It's a mine!!" yelled George, "I saw one on Bangor beach just like it during the war." "And, it's headed straight for us," added Walt, "ah well, at least I finished the Harp Stateside."

"It's Eney's fault," mouthed Bob, "he should have helped us escape back on the island, instead of going round

flogging those Kimonos he brought back from Japan." "That's occidental," said Walt, "We'll all be going west when the mine hits us."

Only a few yards now separated the mine from the boat, and then, a small hatch on top of the mine opened and a head appeared. "Suffering Catfish!" exclaimed John, "It's Dean Grennell!" So it was, we could see the bright blue gestetner ink stains on the arm that the lovable editor of Grue was waving at us. "The mine, it's a stove!" cried Bob. A turn of the waves brought a small card into view, on it were the words, 'Dean A. Grennell. Stoves. Heating Appliances. Boilers of all types. Hotwater systems installed. Have trucks, will travel.'

Dean had now climbed out on top of the stove, and another head took his place in the hatchway. "Hoffman, herself," gasped Walter, his fingers clutching the bulwarks in his emotion. She climbed up and joined Dean, and was followed by a figure carrying a Birdbath. "Tucker," breathed Chuck. Yet another figure appeared in the hatchway. "Ghu!!" Shrilled Charters. "No, no," I corrected, "can't you see that it's Bulmer." As, indeed it was, the luxuriant beard wafting in the breeze.

The stove came alongside, and we helped our rescuers aboard. "We must go immediatly." Were Dean's first words, "she hasn't long to go." So intent on the stoves approach had we been that the fact that the decks were now awash had escaped our notice. Quickly we transferred to the stove and pushed off. Hardly had we drifted a hundred yards, when, Courtenay's Boat slowly rose upon its beam, and, disclosing the rusting saw still embedded in its prow, and with a gurgle sank beneath the waves. Uttering a cry of horror, I leaped to my feet and dived into the water, striking out for the spot where our vessel had sunk. I arrived back at the stove bearing the sodden but alive body of Chuck, who we had forgotten when boarding the stove. "Ghod, but that was brave of you," murmured Walt, as he bestowed a bar to my honorary Irish Fandom Badge. I thought it better not to mention that Chuck had been carrying my last stylus and shading plate in his jacket-pocket.

"A council of war must be held," proffered LeeH. We trooped down into the stove, leaving George on deck as lookout, and to dry his hard covers in the sunlight. Inside the stove we arranged ourselves round a table composed of Polynesian translations of Tucker's LONG LOUD SILENCE, which he hoped to sell to any natives he met on his travels. "We must restle control of fandom from Tubb, and get back to the funloving times we onceknew," said Bulmer, "agreed?"

37

We all flashed our Pogo badges in the direction of Okefenoke, and shouted 'Aye'. Soon a plan was concocted, and the stove was headed back towards the island. Dusk had fallen by the time we reached its sandy shore once more. Beaching the stove on the side of the island away from the Tubb encampment, we hurried off into the jungle to make our preparations.

Dawn, found us on the rise overlooking the fancampment, as the first fen began to stir, Willis took his place before the loudspeaker we had fashioned from palm leaves, and Geore's eartrumpet. "It's not exactly HI-FI," he said, "but here goes!" He took a deep breath. "Faaaaans." The word boomed out in the still morning air, down in the camp startled heads were raised. "Fans, this is Walter Alexander Willis speaking." At this, Berry and myself quickly cut two vine ropes and a large platted palm leaf banner unrolled itself down the cliff face. On it were the words; 'Fans arise-overthrow the terror Tubb. Fandom is just a goddam hobby. Hooray for the insurgents.' Simultaneously, Lee, Tucker and Grennell released from homemade catapults bundles of one-shots, proclaiming the fannish way of life. These thudded into the camp below and were eagerly seized upon by the milling crowd of fen. "Unite," cried Willis, "Unite and overthrow your oppresors." Blinded by the sheer beauty of the Willis oratory we could hardly keep the tears of emotion from our eyes as we threw handwritten copies of the Enchanted Duplicator down into the crowd.

We saw that the fans were being swayed by the speech, and the propaganda that was falling amongst them. Shouts of 'Hooray, for Pogo' reached our ears. Groups of fen were banding together under such stalwarts as Mal Ashworth and Gregg Calkins. Others, led by Eric Bentcliffe, marched on the hut in which Tubb had locked all the femmefen, and proceeded to break down its door. They were helped from the inside by Anne Steul, who immediatly she gained freedom, went looking (in her own words) for, "That Schimmellferfer Tubb." Soon, the whole camp was in a turmoil. Tubb, and his cohorts fled, and bands of fen started making their way towards us, crying welcome.

"We've done it." Gaspd Walt, sinking back from the loudspeaker. "I've made many a fine speech but this was my best ever. They heard me. THEY HEARD ME!!" A large group of fans reached the hilltop and approached us. On the crudely fashioned banner which the leaders bore, I saw the words - 'FAPA HOME OF THE FREE'. Behind them came another group, composed mainly of British fen, marching under the OMFA banner upheld by Joy and Vince Clarke. We stood and gazed with pride, as they marched by, beanies twirling. They were followed by a host of others. The New York group came surging by, led by Dave Kyle, who was singing a bawdy song he'd learned at a British convention. Close behind were the Canfans, their black leather jerkins gleaming in the sunlight. They were already making up a Derelict Derogation, using Tubb phrases from past Authentic editorials. Peter Reaney, came by, still clutching the fur coat he'd bought to wear on his sponsored trip to Siberia.



30
30
The femme fans passed, followed by such notable sex-fiends as Eric The Bent, Terry Jeeves, and Norman Wansborough. Lastly came the fannish elders, Korshak, Esback, Evans, carried by proud neofen. Bloch, reclining on a litter, and still pickled. And, Wally Gillings, busily scribing the fourth episode in his serial for NuFu.

All that day we moved into the hills, and finally came to the secluded valley we had discovered during the night. This was to be our home. A conventions was immediatly held, and later became known as the Trekcon. As the fen recovered from this, they set to and commenced to build permanent con hotels to live in. Tucker, endeared himself to all by bareing his chest and allowing fen to take notes from the tattoo thereon. He was a real brick. Paul Enever took charge of preparing a market-garden to supply solid food, twenty acti-fen were delegated to issue ORION on his behalf. A body of elder-fen were elected to arbitrate on matters pertaining to the welfare of all fen. Soon fmz were appearing again, Hyphen, Oopsla, Eye, came out, and even Harlan Ellison started showing around his Dimension stencils. A complete three day con was held when Peter Reaney produced the first issue of BIPED. This was followed by a sacrifice to Ghu.

But dark clouds were gathering over fandom. Reports came in from fen who had gone into the jungle for game. Two of these, Eric Bentcliffe and Renee McKay reported that they had seen mysterious figures amongst the tree's. At night, the sound of distant drums could be heard. A group of fen, including Berry and myself volunteered to go into the jungle to find out what was happening. That night, we slipped quietly out of camp and headed into the jungle. We had blackened our faces with burnt cork, all except Burgess who wore his chineser devil mask. Armed with loaded zaps, and with beanie propellors muffled, we struck out in the direction of the distant drums, which were once more sounding their ominous beat.

Led by that expert tracker, and former boy scout Ken Potter, we soon lost our way completely, and after having returned to our starting point several times, accepted John Newman's offer to guide us by the stars. Hours later we helped John down from the nineteenth tree he had climbed, and silently moved off in the direction he indicated. He later explained that, the reason for his not being able to guide us with any speed was because in this hemisphere, the stars were the wrong way round. However, this time we seemed to strike the right direction. Twenty bottles of home brew later, a shout from Bruce Kidd, who we had sent out in front of us as a scout, brought us silently if somewhat unsteadily to his side at the edge of a clearing in the jungle.



"Look!" he gasped, "just like it shows you in my Horror Comics." We stared into the clearing. In front of a large fire, a horde of ebony bodies did circuits and bumps to the savage beat of the drums. "Natives!" hissed Nigel Lindsay, edging behind the broad back of Terry Jeeves. "Suffering Catfish!" exclaimed Berry, sticking up his arms in a forlorn imitation of a palm tree.

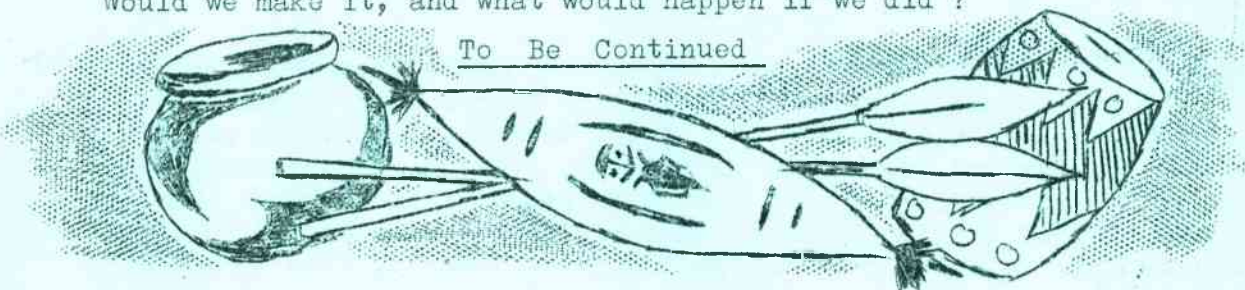
Burgess, said nothing, but slowly took his chinese mask off, pulled his feathered hat down over his eyes and stalked off into the undergrowth. "Look!" mouthed Eric The Bent, "Who's that on the throne behind the fire?" Ron Buckmaster raised his head out of the slit trench he was digging, "It's Tubb."

We could see the dim figures of the fans who still acclaimed Tubb as their leader, we noticed too, that the natives who had reinforced their party were wearing a modified form of beanie. A skull with a propellor stuck out of the top. "He must have converted them to his cause," whispered Eric Jones, "they're treating him like a Ghod."

As we gazed, Tubb stood up and pointing in the direction of fandoms encampment, cried, "Authentic readers, forward!" Stepping into a litter born by four ebony giants, and followed by the howling savages and the renegade fen, headed out of the clearing towards the fancampment.

"We must get back before them, and warn fandom," cried Nigel. Turning we plunged back into the jungle in a desperate attempt to arrive back at camp in time to warn fandom of the approaching Tubb hordes.

Would we make it, and what would happen if we did?

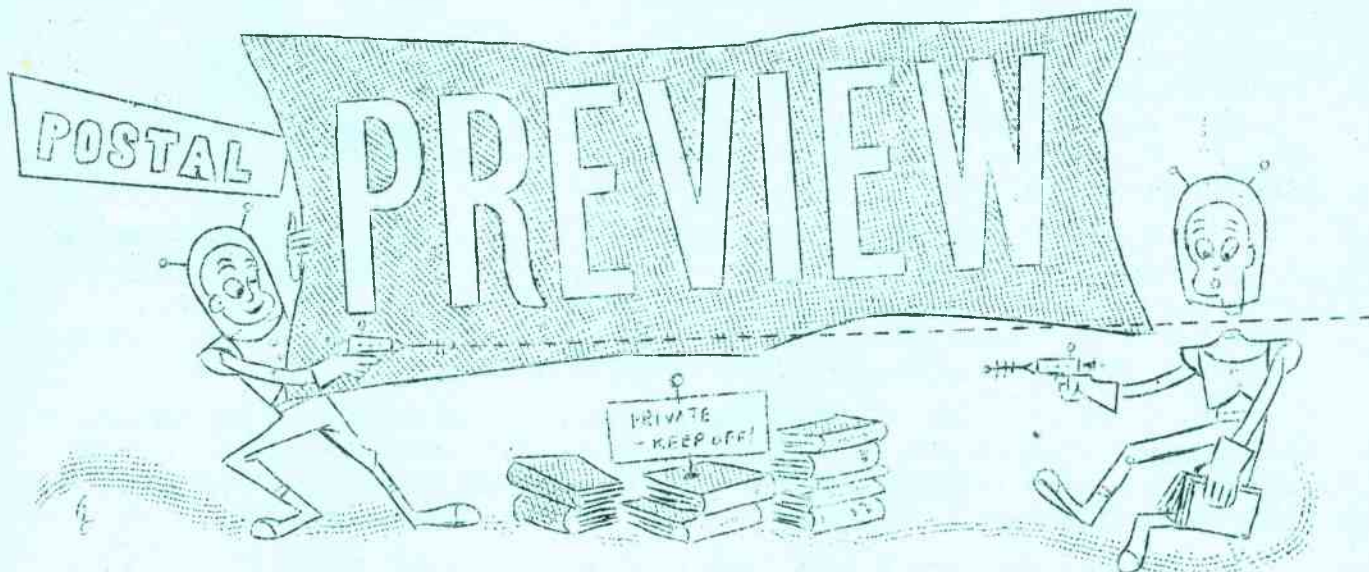


THE HEMVACON A convocation to be held at Maddiesons Hemsby Holiday camp, Norfolk. This is of course one of the proposed sites for the 1957 WORLDCON in U.K. A number of well-known fen have already booked in for their annual vacation and as this is likely to be the only fan gathering of any size before the Worldcon, it is a MUST for all keen acti-fans. Fanning - plus an excellent holiday in delightful surroundings with an extremely appreciative cuisine. And remember... Maddiesons is the only holiday camp with a member of fandom on its staff. John Greengrass. ((This is an unpaid advert accepted from John Greengrass. You may write to him for further gen or to; Sec/Manager, Hemsby Holiday Camp, Hemsby-on-sea, Nr Gt Yarmouth, Norfolk. EB.))

LOST. STOLEN. STRAYED. One Washboard, last seen being played outside the managers bedroom, George Hotel Kettering, at 6am on Easter Monday. Finder, or new owner, please return to; Ina Shorrocks, 2, Arnot Way, Hr Bebington, Wirral, Cheshire.

Also, if anyone has found a pink nightie ((Dave Kyle ?)) and a pair of pink panties, please return these to the above address. I will return them to their rightful owner, And see that you remain anonymous.

ANNOUNCEMENT. A London chapter of the Liverpool S-F Society has now been formed. Details; Bill Harrison, 49 Normandy Rd, London, N.W.10.



By

E. J. Carnell

Comment To all the regular readers of this news-sheet who have received it regularly over the past eight years, my apologies for its long absense -- the last issue was dated December 1954! The main reason for its non-arrival before now was because PREVIEW was primarily concerned with giving advance information about American fantasy books. With the rapid growth of British Editions following so closely on the heels of American publication during the past eighteen months, much of the news was redundant.

However, requests for PREVIEW's continuation have been numerous and repeated, and now with the co-operation of Eric Bentcliffe, and the quarterly fanzine TRIODE this column is being revived both publicly and privately.

American Books

SCIENCE FICTION ADVENTURES IN MUTATION Ed Groff Conklin

1955 Vanguard \$3.75 27/6

Contents: Chain of Command - Stephen A. Rynas (Galaxy); Battle of the Unborn - Blish (Future); The Hungry Guinea Pig - Breuer (From Amazing); Keep Out - Fred Brown (Amazing); The Small World of M-75 - Ed Clinton (If); Limiting Factor - Cogswell (Galaxy); The Lysenko Maze - Grinnell (F&SF); The Patient - E. M. Hull (Unknown); Cold War - Kuttner (TWS); Skag With The Queer Head - Leinster (Marvel); Veiled Island - Emmett McDowell (ASF); Experiment Station - Neville (Super Science); Family Resemblance - Nourse (ASF); And Thou Beside Me - Mack Reynolds (F&SF); This One's On Me - E.F. Russell (Nebula); The Age Of Prophecy - Margeret St. Clair (Future); The Love Of Heaven * Sturgeon (ASF); The Impossible Voyage Home - F.L. Wallace (Galaxy); The Conspirators - White (New Worlds); The Better Choice - S. Fowler Wright (new).
With an introduction by Groff Conklin.

THE OLD DIE RICH 12 short stories by H. L. Gold

(1955) Crown \$3.00 (21/6)

Contents: The Old Die Rich; Trouble With Water; No Charge For Alterations; Don't Take It To Heart; Man Of Parts; Love In The Dark; The Man With English; The Biography Project; At The Post; Hero; And Three To Get Ready; Problem In Murder.

MARTIANS GO HOME by Fredric Brown Dutton \$2.75 (19/6)

Author Brown has a large following of readers, more especially for his detective stories, but whenever he does find time to produce a science fiction novel it is as equally well received. This current novel is an expansion of the story he had published in the September 1954 issue of Astounding and deals with a Martian invasion - handled in a similar style to the authors excellent What Mad Universe. Too good to miss if you are a Fred Brown fan.

BEST S-F STORIES AND NOVELS 1955 Ed T. E. Dikty

(1955) Fell \$4.50 (32/6)

Two items are of interest regarding this volume. (1) The Bleiler/ Dikty editorial team have parted company and (2) the publisher has combined both novels and short stories in one volume. Contents: The Cold Equation - Godwin (ASF); Of Course - Chad Oliver (ASF); Dominions Beyond - Ward Moore (SatEvePost); Careless Love - Friberg (F&SF); Memento Home - Walter Miller (Amazing); Mousetrap - Norton (F&SF); Christmas Trombone - Banks (F&SF); One Thousand Miles Up - Frank M. Robinson (Science Stories); How - 2 - Simak (Galaxy); Heirs Apparent - Abernathy (F&SF); John's Other Practise - Winston Marks (Imagination); The Inner Worlds - Morrison (F&SF); The Will - Walter Miller (Fantastic); Feloney - Causey (Galaxy); The Littlest People - Banks (Galaxy); One Way Street - Bixby (Amazing); Axolotl - Abernathy (F&SF); Exile - Ev Cole (ASF); Nightmare Blues - Frank Herbert (ASF).

With an introduction by T. E. Dikty and The Science Fiction Book Index by Earl Kemp listing all books published during 1954.

SPACE POLICE edited by Andre Norton World \$2.75 (19/6) 1956

Although most of Miss Nortons previous collections have been slanted at the juvenile field, this one is obviously meant for adults and is an extremely good collection.

Contents: Bait - Roy Clough (ASF); The Closed Door - Crossen (Amazing); Beep - Blish (Galaxy); Of Those Who Came - Longdon (New Worlds); Police Operation - Piper (ASF); Pax Galactica - Ralph Williams (ASF); Tough Old Man - Hubbard (Startling); Agent Of Vega - Schmitx (ASF); The Sub-Standard Sardines - Vance (Startling).

Turn Page

All Books mentioned in this column may be obtained from E.J. Carnell.

- 17, Burwash Rd, Plumstead, London S.E. 18.

DOUBLE STAR by Robert A. Heinlein Doubleday \$2.95 (21/6) 1956

This is Heinlein's first adult novel since the Puppet Masters and is equally as good as that story, if not better. It has been running currently in Astounding as a serial and many readers will obviously have already enjoyed it although it has not yet appeared in the BRE. Similarly it is not scheduled for British book publication as yet and there is no indication that it will in the immediate future (Museum Press who published RAH's last novel having quit fiction to concentrate on non-fiction titles).

Double Star is the story of a character actor who takes the place of a leading political figure in the Solar System and 'hams' out the role against a background of political and industrial intrigue until, gradually he practically becomes (to all intents and purposes) the person he is imitating. It is fast moving and full of action and excellent characterization.

S-F: THE YEAR'S GREATEST SCIENCE FICTION AND FANTASY

Ed Judith Merrill Dell 35¢ Gnome Press \$3.50 1956

Here is a new yearly volume which undoubtedly will challenge the annual Fell collection edited by Ted Dikty, and in my opinion is far better than anything the Blieler/Dikty team have yet produced. The Dell edition was published May 22nd but book collectors please note that the Gnome hardcover edition will not be ready until the Autumn.

Contents: 18 stories with an introduction by Orson Welles. The Stutterer

- R. R. Merliss (ASF); The Golem - Avram Davidson (F&SF); Junior - Abernathy (Galaxy); The Cave Of Night - Gunn (Galaxy); The Hooper - Walt Miller (Fantastic Universe); Bulkhead - Sturgeon (New - but used in "A Way Home" collection); Sense From Thought Divide - Mark Clifton (ASF); Pottage - Zenna Henderson (F&SF); Nobody Bothers Gus - Budrys (ASF); The Last Day Of Summer - E.C. Tubb (Science Fantasy); One Ordinary Day, With Peanuts - Shirley Jackson (F&SF); The Ethicators - Willard Marsh (If); Birds Can't Count - Clingerman (F&SF); Of Missing Persons - Jack Finney(?); Dreaming Is A Private Thing - Asimov (Fantasy House); The Country Of The Kind - Damon Knight (Fantasy House); The Public Hating - Steve Allen (- from "Fourteen For Tonight" Holt); Home There's No Returning - Kuttner / Moore (?).

NOT THIS AUGUST by C. M. Kornbluth Doubleday \$2.75 Michael Joseph 11/6

Cyril Kornbluth has built a strong reputation for his outstanding novels in recent years and this latest is not one iota less powerful than its forerunners, with the exception perhaps that this could hardly be called "science fiction" yet barely falls into the "fantasy" category. Nevertheless, it is well worth a place on any collectors bookshelf. It deals with a conquered and subjugated United States of America under the Communist heel of triumphant Russia - a theme somewhat dear to many American authors who wish to point out the dangers of Communism. But Kornbluth handles the theme in a masterful manner, word-painting the Fifth-columnists (who are erased by their overlords when they get into power), the stool-pigeons and the cravens, and the ordinary people (particularly in the rural areas where the jackboot of conquest takes a long time to reach).

And of the few stalwarts who try and overcome the new regime - and inevitably of a forgotten hidden weapon they are trying to find in order to reverse the tables.

But this is not written in the normal melodramatic manner of fast-action magazine fiction; rather in the nature of the slow unrolling of events.

THE CITY AND THE STARS by Arthur C. Clarke Harcourt, Brace (27/6) 1956
(Expected British publication by Muller, date and price uncertain)

There will undoubtedly be some wailing and gnashing of the teeth amongst the literati over this new Clarke title which is a re-write of his former Against The Fall Of Night and while I honestly believe that Arthur has improved the story tremendously I still do not think that it deserved a new publisher plus stacks of American publicity. Anthony Boucher in the April F&SF eulogises about the new novel, but somehow I missed the 'magic' of the writing which was present in the Gnome Press edition. Perhaps, as this is being offered to a general public and not slanted specifically at the regular science fiction market, both author and publisher decided they could get away with it. Quite definitely both are expecting broadsheets of praise from the mature newspaper and book critics. My guess is that these worthy gentlemen will hail Arthur as a modern Stapledon, to which I will heartily concur when he turns out a new novel that is not an extension of a previous short.

THE LONG TOMORROW by Leigh Brackett Doubleday 1955

This is a story of America after Ragnarok, and by far Leigh Brackett's most adult novel so far. It tells of the adventures of Len Colter and Cousin Esau when they set out from Piper's Run in search of "Bartorstown" where, rumour has it, an oasis of knowledge still untouched exists. The plot hinges on the Thirtieth Amendment to the Constitution of The United States, passed shortly after the Destruction. This states that " No city, no town, no community of more than one thousand people or two hundred buildings to the square mile shall be built or permitted to exist anywhere in the United States". Religion, in the shape of New Mennonites, Old Mennonites; once more has come to the fore and staunchly supports the Amendment. However, there are still rebels and seekers-for-knowledge and this book tells their story.

GENERAL BOOK NEWS

Both Fantasy Press and Shasts Publications are a long way behind schedule with their 1956 programme and it is doubtful whether their leading titles will be published this year. The former's E.E.Smith title Vortex Blaster is delayed indefinitely - the latter's next title in the Heinlein Future History series (Methuselah's Children) is now expected late this Winter.



I rolled away and lay beside her, my heart shaking, my whole body, my limbs deliciously lax. Although my eyes were tightly closed, I could still feel the red flashes of light, my moist skin began to feel the cool of the night. She moved, and I felt her tender fingers stroking my forehead, her soft lips brushing my cheek, and the scent of her gradually came back, throwing me deeper into my weakness. She too, was breathing hard, her breasts were tense against me, and I remember feeling pleased that I could affect her so. I reached up over her to the small lamp on the wall and switched it on; I wanted to see the magic in those brown eyes once more.

Waiting for the dazzling splash of light to subside, I found myself wondering what would be revealed in her captivating eyes, which had always troubled me so much. Then I felt her shadow fall on my face, and opened my eyes. She was smiling gently down at me, and in her shadowed face her eyes seemed tender, loving. I drew her down to me and kissed her once more, and she laid her head contentedly on the pillow.

We carried out our beloved ritual of smoking a cigarette together. I would light it and then lean over, placing it between her open lips, red from the violence of my kisses. She would close her eyes as she drew in the smoke and I would watch, fascinated, the gentleplay of muscles under the satin skin as she pursed her full lips. I never thought of the others who had lain in my bed. She was so different.

I lay back and filled my lungs with hot smoke. My heart was beating now with a quiet excitement, and my head was gradually clearing. My body stretched itself in a glory

10
of satisfaction, and I dreamily watched the blue smoke from my cigarette curling up around the lamp. I felt her eyes on me, and knew she was about to ask me what I was thinking. It was part of the ritual.

The light shone down on us. A small moth was fluttering around it enraptured by the glowing filament, maddened by the hot glass. It flew jerkily, and beat insanely against the light bulb and the wall.

Her small hand reached up and gently took the cigarette away from my lips. I lowered my eyes and gazed at her pale, childlike face, framed with jetblack hair, now tumbled promiscuously on the pillow. "What are you thinking, darling?" she said, and brought the cigarette to her mouth, while her eyes twinkled. My heart was ecstatic, and I told her of the glorious feeling of contentment, of fulfillment, that possessed me. Of my exultation at knowing her, knowing the beautiful body beside me; at feeling the warmth of her by my side, seeing her soft cheek on my pillow, and her mysterious eyes, those disturbing eyes. I fell silent as I looked into her eyes; pondering on the sparkle of them and the dark depths of them - those dark, unfathomable depths. Whenever I dreamed of Marion, here eyes dominated her tiny, perfect face; they were always large and wide and in my dreams, I would find myself drawn by their dark splendour, leaning over their dark depths, falling, falling....

She crushed out the cigarette. I noticed that the moth had blundered into a fine web on the lamp fitting, and it was jerking, spinning helplessly. It was still straining towards the light, but although the web seemed weak, it still held the moth. It was most unpleasant.

Turning to Marion I ruffled her soft black hair and kissed it, and buried my face in its black fullness. My body stirred at her nearness, grew weaker but strained toward her. I stroked her thighs and breasts, and shuddered as her small hand caressed my neck and back. It was as though my thoughts lowered themselves into a warm black pool. But her eyes were still open tantalising me. "Johnny darling," she said softly, "Say that you love me, say it once more."

Out of the corner of my eye I could see the moth had stopped struggling and hung quietly in the glare of the lamp. A thin black leg had appeared at the corner of the web and was tugging, shaking the web. The moth no longer moved its wings.

I struggled to tell her I loved her. I heard my voice making vows and promises. There was a queerness in my voice and eyes. My skin twitched as her hand crept on my hip. Her lips curled, her eyes closed. "Turn out the light," she whispered, "Come to me." But as I reached for the lamp, I saw the bloated black monster crawling across the web towards the moth. I think I saw its gleaming eyes. And then I lost my head. I strangled her, and set the moth free.

THE END

BRAMHALL

discusses the

UFO'S

Resume of Part 2. I began by considering whether a flying saucer could be a secret weapon and reviewing origins for this supposition.

PART 3. "The Strange Case of a Sceptical Fighter Pilot"

On the 24th. February, there appeared in the 'Daily Sketch' a startling report, which took the form of an interview with L. Smith, Air Correspondent; by Flight Lt. James Salandin, R.A.A.F.

It is not easy to know where to begin with this strange sighting, but it seems fairly certain the pilot has been involved in a most peculiar affair. After he had recovered sufficiently from his shock, he radioed to base, an account of what had taken place.

"It was Sunday afternoon, I was climbing in my Meteor jet fighter at 16,000 ft. The sky was clear blue. The thing looked like two ordinary saucers placed together with a bun-shaped bubble on top and underneath. It was silvery in colour and apparently metallic. It flew straight at me, more than filling my whole windscreen vision before turning away past my port wing.

I had taken off from North Weald and was heading out over the Thames Estuary, climbing towards a gaggle of Meteors at about 30,000 ft, and approaching Southend-on-Sea. I suddenly saw two circular shaped objects streak past the Meteor in the opposite direction. At first I thought they were Meteors too and I turned to intercept them, but I could not identify them. One was gold, and the other silver in colour. I was staggered by their speed which I estimate to be about 1200 mph.

I watched them fascinated until they were out of sight high up on my left hand side. I got the shock of my life when I turned back to look straight ahead. There was the thing coming straight at me. It did not appear to have any portholes, nor were there any jet pipes or other means of propulsion visible. It did not seem to be spinning.

After flying around for a few minutes to recover from the shock, I filed my eye-witness report by radio-telephone. On returning to base, I prepared a detailed report for investigation, by the special flying saucer section of the Air Ministry.

I was the biggest sceptic in the squadron where flying saucers were concerned, but not any more - there was no question of clouds or balloons in this case "

47

Flt. Lt. Salandin did not radio base right away, but consistent with a person suffering from shock, has to allow time for his nervous system to readjust itself. Nevertheless, when he has recovered, he quickly feels the urge to communicate his amazing experience to someone.

At this stage, I wish to examine some of the factors involved, assuming this to be an invented episode. I think we have to decide two main items,

- a(What is the pilot trying to achieve by a hoax. ?
- b(What are his chances of success ?

His motives may be abstruse, yet some people act in various and incomprehensible ways. People usually deceive in order to add to their prestige, or to achieve some additional benefit which they cannot normally acquire. This may take many forms, but in this case, money might easily be the prize he seeks to obtain. If he seeks 'Notoriety', this might be done through the press, but this would be short-lived, and still does not guarantee success, due chiefly, to the lack of substantiation. The escapade could easily end in failure, discrediting the pilot, and making him an object of ridicule. Any financial reward would be negligible, depending on the success of the enterprise.

Returning to the Intelligence Report. One fact becomes certain, the 'A.M' has been informed, a pilot involved in a near disaster, originating in the aerobatics of a U.F.O. Now this is a serious and important statement to make, and warrants investigation. Having considered the matter, the A.M. might view the matter with alarm, and perhaps wonder if the object had been purposely trying to wreck the aircraft, which if so, would constitute an attack, or alternatively an act of aggression. I do not think submission of such a report would be overlooked, or treated as a joke by Intelligence officers.

By carrying out his plan, the pilot has committed himself inexorably, and now cannot turn back. This involves the pilot in much personal risk, such as prosecution or court martial. His position is just as bad if the intelligence report is non-existent, as the press report would uncover the fact. Would he get involved in such a predicament for the sake of publicity ?

++++

"I was the biggest sceptic in the squadron where saucers were concerned, but not any more ..."

Why should he suddenly become a believer without cause ? Particularly so, when should his story be proved fictitious, the rest of his squadron would only ridicule him. I cannot imagine anyone in his right senses, especially a responsible pilot going to such lengths at personal risk, to obtain so little. Why behave in such a peculiar manner ? Could it be that he is telling the truth ?

From here on, I shall take for granted the authenticity of the incident.



48 A peculiar shaped object had been seen. An unsubstantiated description reveals shape, speed, manoeuvring and colour. Surface and colour both suggest some sort of metal. Highly similar details to these have been noted before, all corresponding closely to the characteristics associated with UFO's. I am of the opinion therefore, that the object is not a balloon, cloud hallucination or any other kind of natural phenomenon. The essential question remaining unanswered is, could this object be a secret weapon?

Common sense tells us secret weapons are only announced in public by highly placed, responsible officials. This being so, why are service personnel, without requisite authority carrying out the duties of Government administrators by disclosing existence and details of a secret weapon. Such a situation could not exist, now would people be allowed to release secrets, even if they had access to them. There can only be two explanations which could resolve this fantastic condition.

A. The statements made by them are fictitious.

B. The objects referred to, are not secret weapons.

In 'B', I am assuming the statements are true, having already demonstrated the authenticity of the pilot's story, and ruled out 'A'

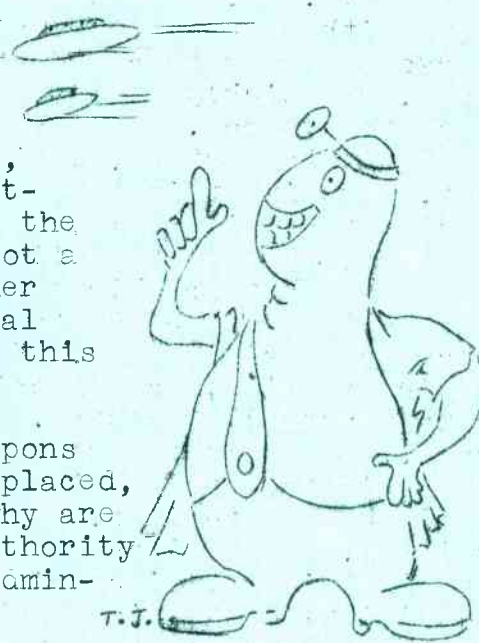
Let us examine a passage taken from D.E. Keyhoe's 'Flying Saucers From Outer Space'. The pilot's real name was hidden under the pseudonym of Lt. E. Fogle.

"On the night of Dec. 4th '52, a frightened Air Force Pilot landed at Laredo, Texas. Fogle told air base officers, a mysterious blue lighted-object had almost crashed into his fighter. It was no accident - the strange device had raced head on at his fighter, an F-51. At the last minute, it had flipped to one side, streaking by at a terrific rate. Badly shaken, Fogle watched it flash up into a vertical climb. He returned to base as rapidly as possible. The unknown machine returned again, diving 2,000 ft as if seeking him. Apparently missing him in the dark, it climbed vertically, and disappeared into the night"

Three years before, many A.F. Officers would have scoffed at his report, but he was now grilled for two hours by Intelligence Officers.

This is only a brief account of one incident, but it plainly demonstrates the peculiar and dangerous acrobatics of a UFO, the like of which, the pilot had never encountered. Intelligence Officers presumably knew of similar incidents, otherwise they would not have wasted two hours trying to extract every possible detail.

On this, and much similar evidence, I am bound to conclude that it is well within the bounds of possibility that Flt. Lt. Salandin did encounter a UFO. and became involved in a predicament



4H, HALLUCINATIONS

similar to the one previously recounted. Unless there is an international conspiracy between fighter pilots, I fail to see why such widely separated reports should be made, unless there is something around as described by the pilots. It seems therefore, after considering the facts in Salandin's case, and taking into account the additional external evidence, that his story is both reliable and true.

One important assumption in favour of the secret weapon idea, remains to be cleared up. Many people contend that UFO's are from other countries..i.e. 'foreign' secret weapons. I suppose it would be possible for a flying device to be detected while on a mission from an alien state. In times of peace, this would be a rarity. Only a few such incidents would be needed to place great strain on international relations. Such intrusions would not be tolerated without vigorous representations being made to the state so offending. I am equally convinced that any authorities would venture testing (even inadvertently) their most prized and secret devices over a competitor's territory, where any operational failure may render virtually worthless all the constructional data which they want to conceal. Obviously, this is the very thing they would strive to avoid. Even a peaceful airliner straying outside its permitted 'air corridor' is enough to provoke a major press crisis. I submit, then, that UFO's cannot be secret weapons owned by any terrestrial nation or power.

Let us examine the principle points :-

1. We have established that all manner of people have seen UFO's.
2. In many cases, identical descriptions come from separate viewers.
3. The worldwide sightings upset the secret weapon theory.
4. Governments seem unsure as to what the objects are.
5. Terrestrial devices would be identified sooner or later. UFO's are still unclassifiable....after ten years.
6. If such devices are terrestrial, they would require a base, and I doubt if such a base could be kept secret for ten years..... witness Peenemunde and the V-2's under wartime secrecy.
7. Lack of landing and take-off reports, except very isolated cases indicates an absence of a terrestrial base.
8. Can weapons exist without a manufacturing place or take-off base ? Here again the secret weapon idea falls flat.

I have now completed a long, searching enquiry into the 'secret weapon' theory. Inconsistencies have been revealed, and the many illogical points uncovered.

It must be admitted, that people do occasionally see secret list devices, but not in so many cases, and so widely separated.

One point of considerable importance has emerged, namely, flying saucers are not of terrestrial origin. This amazing fact, while it may confound normal concepts, should not deter us from accepting it. If we deny that UFO's are extraterrestrial, we might just as well deny proof of their existence, since the two are synonymous.

I shall consider this, and other aspects in my next article.

End of Part...3

49

50
+++I have evolved a fascinating new theory. I believe that there is a sort of obscure mental affiliation between all fen. My theory is that fate has planned that the paths of all fen shall cross at one time or another, either directly or indirectly. I maintain that a single innocent act by one fan will completely alter the life of another, without either being aware of it. Here is an example so you can judge for yourself. I call it :-

LAST RESORT

by John Berry

Last week, my duties took me to Bangor. Never heard of it ? Why, Bangor is a very refined sea-side town (10 miles from Belfast) famed for the hauteur and dignity of its inhabitants - despite the fact that George Charters lives there. Ask Chuck Harris about Bangor - he was once allowed there.

Well, the Diesel pulled into Bangor station, and wiping my feet, I stepped onto the platform. A strange sight met my eyes. At least, a strange sight for Bangor. There was a milling throng of perambulators, babies and mothers, wailing screaming and shouting. The irate mothers waving handbags and umbrellas. The latter being used as weapons, and were being liberally flailed into the centre of the riot.

The Bangor Station staff, hurriedly removing their top hats, ushered the indignant women and their infants away, to reveal a bedraggled human being sitting dejectedly on the platform. A black peaked cap with the letters P.I.B.C. surmounted in gold, was pressed firmly over the eyes of this unfortunate being. There was, however, something familiar about the manner in which this apparition jerked crab like about the floor - I had seen something similar whilst playing at Ghoodminton. I began to think that.. ..no, NO. It couldn't be. It was. I rushed forward and jerked off the peaked cap. Ghod, I thought, if only Willis could see this. There lay George Charters.. THE George Charters. I dragged him to his feet and helped him to a platform seat.



"I say, old man," I remarked, "this is rather an embarrassing situation for a hard-cover merchant to be in." He reached up. and with a delightful 'plop' abstracted the end of a babies feeding bottle from his left ear-hole, meanwhile with a red-spotted hankie, dabbing disgustedly on his trouser leg, at the mute evidence of a toddler's indiscretion. "Don't tell Shaw". He sobbed. I soothed him. "Tell me George," I asked, "what so the letters P.I.B.C stand

51

for on your cap?" He groaned in anguish, looked furtively around, and whispered :- "Perambulator Inspector, Bangor Corporation." "Ghod, George," I replied, "How can a man of your literary status satisfy yourself with such an unfannish occupation?" "I assure you Berry," he grated, "My reasons are neither mercenary nor paternal." "How did the whole thing begin?" I asked him, "After all, though Bangor is on such a high social plane, why have a pram inspector?"

"It's a long story," he began. "Last summer, a scruffy family had the audacity to bring into Bangor, a pram in such a horrible condition, that the local Alermen called an Emergency Meeting, and this is the result. My ambition is to meet the same family this year.....(he continued his story, and didn't notice the ghastly white of my complexion as my mind raced back in time)

+ + + + +

I'll always remember August '54, when two significant things happened to me. The first, was the day I came face to face with Willis, and found myself a spoke in the wheels of If. The second was caused by a chance remark of Walt's. He told me that an intellectual fan named Charters, lived in Bangor. After leaving Willis, I rushed back to my wife, told her all about fandom, and that one fan came from Bangor. "I always knew that one day you'd mingle with the aristocracy" she said proudly, adding as an afterthought, "You know, it's a lovely Sunny day, Let's take the children to Bangor. The one difficulty was that we did not possess a conveyance for our five-month-old baby daughter. We explained our plight to the next door neighbour, who immediately offered the use of her collapsible pram. "It's very simple to fold," she explained, "My

husband will demonstrate. We followed her into the back garden.

"Jasper," she called, "Come and show John how you fold the pram."

I couldn't quite hear the reply, but he came out dragging the pram behind him. Placing it carefully in the centre of the lawn, he came to me and placed his hand on my shoulder. "I want you to enjoy yourself this afternoon," he said kindly. "Take my advice and leave your baby here!" "No," my wife

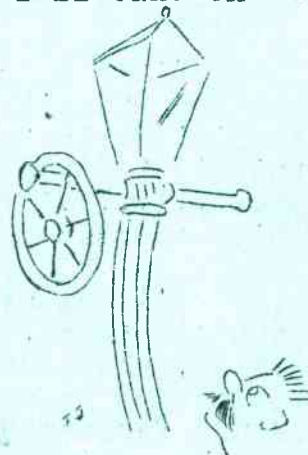
cried, "I want my baby to get the benefit of the invigorating Bangor climate." Jasper looked at me, opening his hands in a helpless gesture. He turned his attention to the pram, mentally sparred with it, paced round it three or four times, then suddenly leapt. There was a blur of action, and the pram lay neatly folded at my feet. "It's technique," said Jasper, "The salesman who sold it to me said that a child could master it." So saying, he walked around



52
the folded pram, leaped once more, and in a few seconds, behold, there was the pram in its 'natural' shape.. I helped him out of it. "I slipped up somewhere," he admitted.

My wife pushed the pram around to our house, placed the baby in it, and we walked to the trolley-bus stop. A trolley bus approached in the distance. My wife carefully removed the infant and pointed to the pram. "Fold it up," she explained, "I'll take the children on the bus, while you stow it in the stair compartment."

The next three-quarters of an hour are printed indelibly on my mind. I didn't worry so much about losing three finger nails, and I didn't mind the crowd. I mean, they were helpful, even if they laughed somewhat. No, the annoying thing, was the fact that by some strange mechanical quirk that contradicted all known physical laws, the legs of my trousers were irrevocably enmeshed in the complicated structural assemblage of metal cross pieces with which the pram chassis was constructed. This in itself was not so bad - what made the situation ridiculous was that one of the wheels of the pram was hooked on to a street lamp bracket. A well meaning member of the crowd, whom I took to be a skilled mechanic, touched a hidden lever on the pram, and it folded beautifully, unfortunately letting go of my trouser leg in the process.



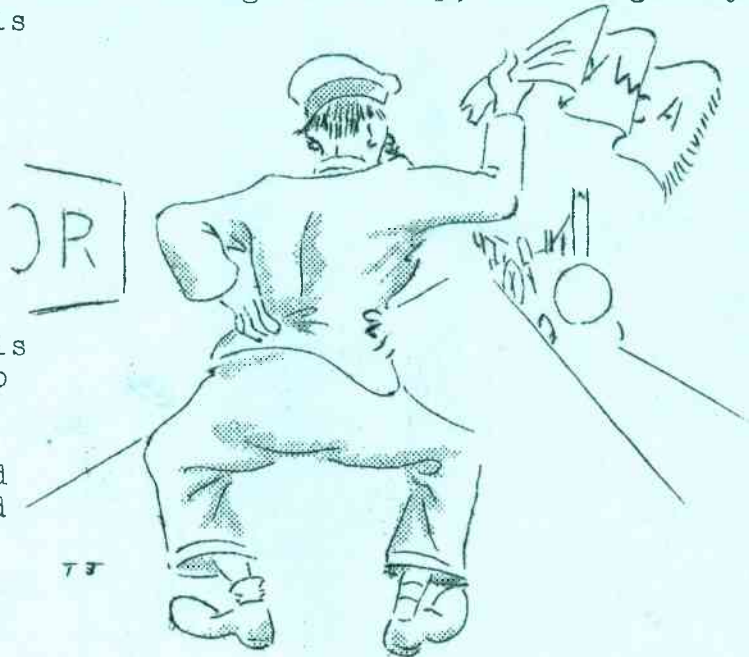
We eventually got to Bangor, where I had to pay the sum of 7/6 to get the pram assembled again by a blacksmith. The fact that he inadvertantly knocked knocked off a wheel and produced a three-wheeled pram, was compensated for, by the fact that the mass balance of the pram was out of alignment anyway. But the baby liked it, the newly found rocking motion of the pram revealing quite a promising method of rocking the baby to sleep, and my son appreciated the opportunity to play 'hoops' with the spare wheel. The one detail which my wife disliked, was having to push the pram in the roadway against the kerb, to keep the pram on course.

However much we put off the evil moment, we knew we eventually had to start back for Belfast. I thought of leaving the pram on a deserted stretch of beach, or dumping it in a ditch, but such sensible ideas were out of the question, as it wasn't my pram. The unenviable position was that I had to fold it up again to get on the train. Do you believe in the theory of 'Mind over Matter' ? No, I'm serious. If any of you are working on a ~~thesis~~ about the subject, you may quote the following authenticated example. We reached the station, my wife removed the sleeping baby and left me with the pram. I looked it over, and wished with all my heart that it would fold itself. It literally folded before my eyes. That is a statement of fact. The trouble was that it folded into five separate pieces..... Jasper was delighted to receive the £5 note in lieu of the remains, and I am pleased that I coined a new word for the English language :- MONOPRAM

".....The law of Averages says they are bound to come back," said George. Anything unusual about the brute who would s-stoop to bring his own f-flesh and b-blood in such a c-contraption ?" I faltered. "Strange you should say that," he frowned. "The Stationmaster here, said that the fiend had a large moustache and a funny accent." His frown increased, "You have a large moustache and a funny accent." "George," I cried. "Really, George. Do you honestly think that a fan could be guilty of such an atrocious crime - me especially, who has always had a high regard for the sanctity of Bangor!" "I see what you mean," he admitted apologetically. "Of course, knowing you, it's impossible

A Klaxon in the distance denoted the approach of another trainload of excursionists. George stood up, flicking away a few crumbs adhering to his uniform. He placed the peak cap on his head regimentally.

"When I awoke this morning," he confided, "something told me that the monster would come to Bangor to-day. He may even be on this next train. Ghod help him if he is."



George hobbled away, waving his hand towel meaningly.

+++++

Convinced ?

~~~~~

*The '57 Convention*

ROYAL HOTEL      Woburn Place

SEPTEMBER 6th. 7th., and 8th.      1957

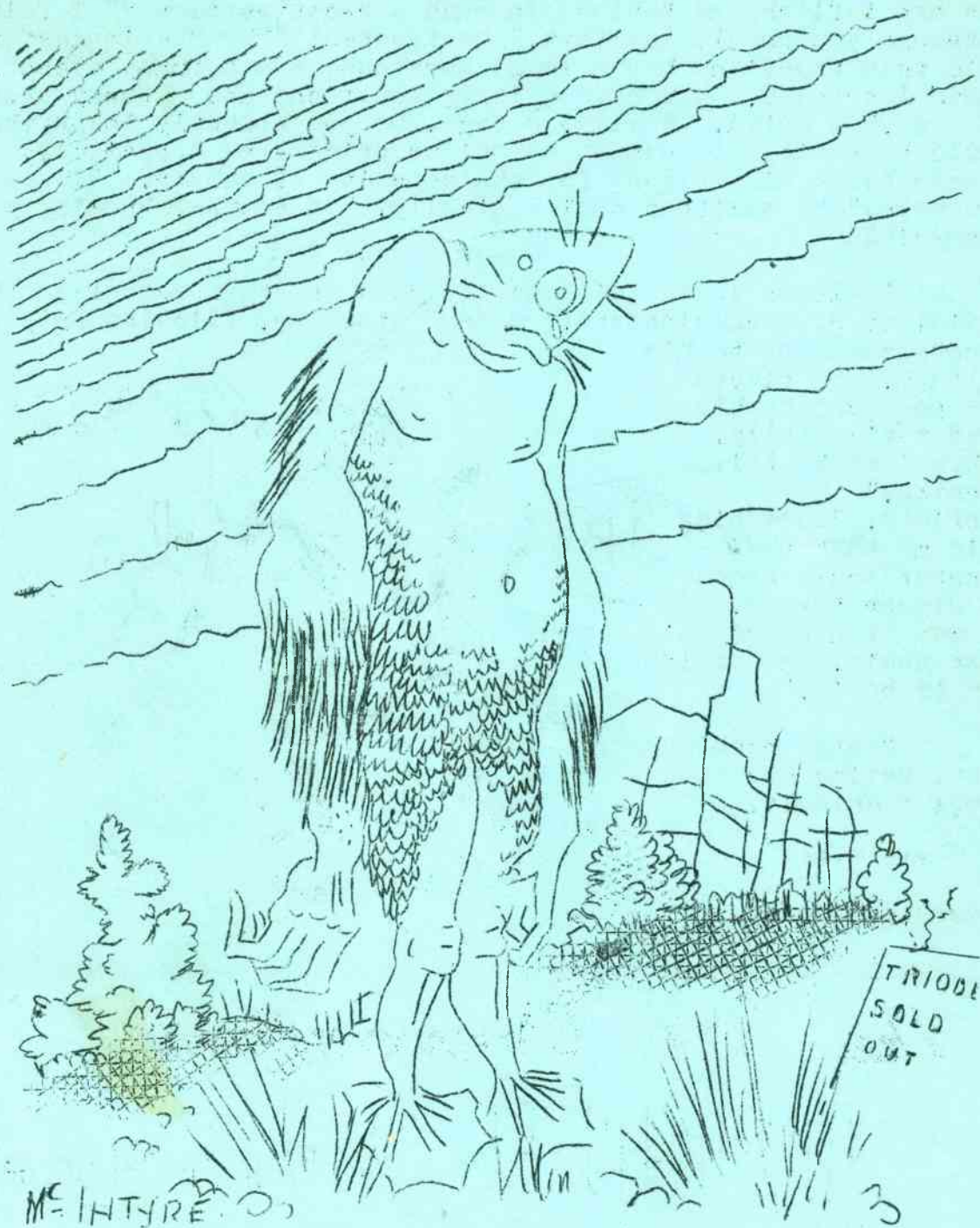
Don't delay, there are two kinds of Fen :- First and Last.

First Fen, get in on the spot...Last Fen may have to sleep

in the Bloody Tower.      Send your registration fee of 7/6 NOW.

To. Charlie Duncombe..82 Albert Square ..London E.15.

~~~~~

MCINTYRE

TRIODE
SOLD
OUT